LET MY PEOPLE GO PRINCE SIHANOUK

# THE NATION

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# LETTERS

## don't bet on it

*Derby Line, Vt.*

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed the Fred Cook article on off-track betting; however, he made one assumption that does not hold up in 1970, and I doubt if it ever did in the United States. He writes that people should be encouraged to work hard, save, engage in productive work. . . . The people who have worked the hardest in this land have received the least for their efforts, and until the economic system changes to socialism, these hard workers, as well as the shirkers, will look for a fast buck, for they need only open their eyes to see just who is rewarded in this society.

Not only does Cook miss the point in his recent article; he missed it earlier in his book, *A Two Dollar Bet Means Murder,* which I have just read.

Like Cook, I, too, would like to see a society in which people want to work, and find satisfaction in their work. However, North America is hardly such a society, and to attack betting and blame it for the continent's social ills is to ignore the perverse nature of capitalism.

*Eugene Novogrodsky*

## what's good for Detroit?

*Detroit, Mich.*

DEAR SIRS: The auto industry is hit by foreign competition, lawsuits against mechanical defects, lawsuits against atmospheric pollution, traffic jams, absenteeism and demoralization of its labor force.

Anyone who lives in Detroit, as I do, may incline too much toward seeing the auto industry as the center of the universe. But . . . if the situation is as I see it, we are in for a depression that will be a whopper. The economists are being . . . too much like the measuring experts on Laputa.

*Alan Mather*

## headache cure

*Franconia, N. H.*

DEAR SIRS: Franconia College is a small, innovative liberal arts institution with about 300 students and twenty-five faculty, at which I have recently taken over the position of president. We are desperately in need of books. We would very much appreciate if your magazine, your contributors and your readers could send their review copies or surplus books to the college as a tax-deductible contribution. As we all know, one of the awful drawbacks of being an intellectual of any persuasion is the headache we all have because of too many books—books we probably will never use again and desperately do not want to carry from one place to another.

If you could publish this appeal we would be most grateful. All books should be sent to the Library, Franconia College, Franconia, N. H. 03580.

*Leon Botstein*

## 'Cassandra' of Robinson

*San Jose, Calif.*

DEAR SIRS: Here is a bibliographical note of interest to readers and scholars on Edwin Arlington Robinson's poetry. The poem "Cassandra," beginning:

*I heard one who said: "Verily,*
*What word have I for children here?*
*Your Dollar is your only word,*
*The wrath of it your only fear.*

progressing to stanza 8:

*"Your Dollar, Dove and Eagle make*

*(Continued on page 212)*

# EDITORIALS

## Into Another Slough

The Senate defeat of the McGovern-Hatfield amendment by a vote of 55 to 39 represents a distinct growth in peace sentiment in the Senate. Thirty-nine votes is not a negligible showing, and the vote could have been closer. According to reports, Aiken, Cooper, Percy and Saxbe would have preferred to vote for the amendment, but were dissuaded by White House pressure. Gore was another prospect, but he is in trouble in Tennessee. Jordan and Randolph indicated possible support but finally decided against the amendment. Packwood said he was voting "Nay" because former Ambassador to Japan Edwin Reischauer was opposed to the amendment; actually, McGovern had a letter from Reischauer saying he favored it.

But if the result had some of the marks of a moral victory, the President is certain to contend that the defeat of the amendment gives him a free hand to work his will in Indochina. As far as he deems it politically safe, he will continue waging war in the name of peace. Amid a cloud of disclaimers, we shall slip into a *de facto* commitment to the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia.

Even assuming that the Administration's statement that we are not going to intervene again with ground forces is accepted (and why anyone should accept any such assurances, in view of the President's flexibility in honoring earlier commitments, is beyond understanding), we continue to intervene with air power, and that alone must lead to deeper involvement. American fighter-bombers and B-52s are ranging all over the Cambodian terrain. The result is a steady accumulation of refugees, whom we are obliged to house and feed in some fashion, however miserable, and to protect against molestation by the enemy.

Sen. Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Refugees alludes to the "increased U.S. presence in Cambodia" and the growing refugee problem. The report points out that three or four months ago the U.S. Embassy in Cambodia comprised about fifteen people; the number has now increased to fifty. This includes a "skeleton military aid group" composed of military attachés of the Army, Navy and Air Force, and an economic aid mission in process of organization. U.S. military aid, supplied in the amount of nearly $9 million in May and June, has now been scheduled up to $40 million in the current fiscal year. Nor is that necessarily a ceiling. Mr. Agnew, during his recent sweep around Southeast Asia (and Taiwan), pledged that we would "do all we can" to help the Lon Nol regime, short of sending in ground forces; but the fact is that while we withdrew American troops (following the backlash Mr. Nixon encountered after his invasion), we have steadily increased our involvement through air power, and by all indications will continue to do so, in accordance with the needs of the South Vietnamese garrisoning Cambodia, and the Cambodians themselves. The Administration's commitment to Lon Nol is not far short of its commitment to Thieu.

In hearings late in August before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Sen. Frank Church put U. Alexis



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Johnson, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, on the spot. In answer to a direct question, "Do we have a commitment to defend Cambodia?" Mr. Johnson said softly: "No, I do not think so." Church enumerated a series of actions that indicated the opposite, such as tactical air support for Cambodian ground forces. Can that have the effect of committing the United States? Church asked. Mr. Johnson sighed. "No," he said (wearily, according to *The New York Times* reporter on the scene), "not unless we choose to make it so."

We are doing just that. By all indications a majority of the American people are opposed to the war. If they do not make themselves heard, between now and November, the choice may become irrevocable.

## A Bit Schizoid

George Meany's interview with six labor reporters, in which he described the Democratic Party as "in a shambles," is a manifestation of the political schizophrenia which has afflicted him for many years. Decades before "hard-hat" acquired a political connotation, Meany embodied the predilections which characterize right-wing workers—chauvinism, anti-intellectualism, an authoritarian attitude within the family and toward the young generally. More specifically Meany has been a consistent and ardent cold warrior. From the outset his thinking on foreign policy has involved an inherent contradiction in that domestic programs that serve labor's interests are, in the long run, inconsistent with a cold-war foreign policy. Under the Kennedy and Johnson administrations the contradiction was less evident than it is today under Nixon. But since 1968 the Democratic Party has been moving away from the Nixon-Johnson stand on the Vietnamese War and Meany, of course, regards this "slippage" as intolerable. The breach has now widened to the point where he is obviously beginning to feel that he might want to swing his support, with only slight modification, to President Nixon in 1972.

This maneuver requires that he depict the Democrats as captives of the "so-called liberals or New Lefts, or whatever. . . ." Labor, in Meany's view, must stand with Nixon's "silent majority." Labor, like Meany himself, and like Nixon, is to be in favor of carrying on the Vietnamese War as long as necessary to win a semblance of victory, the Asian client-states doing the ground fighting, but with unstinting support by American air power. The extension of the war into Cambodia follows a logical pattern, given Meany's hawkish position during the two previous administrations. Now that the Democrats are becoming increasingly critical of the war and large defense spending, Meany is shifting from a nominally Democratic association to a more congenial alliance.

Such a switch entails difficulties which moderate and progressive labor leaders will not be slow to discern. The idea that "New Lefts" and pot smokers have captured the Democratic Party is absurd. Student activists see no virtue in either of the major parties. Meany's political schizophrenia manifests itself in the hiatus between his (and Nixon's) foreign-policy position and Nixon's domestic policies. UAW president Leonard Woodcock's statement on the Vietnamese War, submitted to the

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Senate Foreign Relations Committee, emphasized the disparity. Woodcock asserts that working people have sustained a disproportionate share of the war's impact through unequal draft and tax measures, unemployment, and neglect of domestic needs. The war, in money alone, has cost some $150 billion, including wasted technical skills and manpower. One result has been neglect of the needs of the people, including the majority of working people. Meany had to take cognizance of this imbalance by his reference to inflation but, with the dishonesty in controversy which he shares with Nixon, he was careful to avoid associating inflation with its primary cause.

Meany disavows any romance with Nixon, but the effect of what he says about the growing conservatism of labor (which his leadership has helped to bring about) is to align labor with the Administration. At least that is the political objective; to what extent it will be successful remains to be seen. Labor leaders, from Samuel Gompers on, and including brilliant captains like John L. Lewis, have only a spotty record in persuading their followers to vote in accordance with official labor views.

The President, of course, is not going to neglect a political opening to the right. Following up on his reception of representatives of the hard-hats who attacked the peace demonstrators in Wall Street, he is giving a formal Labor Day White House dinner for eighty-five or 200 top labor leaders—his publicity men refuse to say how many or whether any of those invited have declined. On the White House lawn, the big shots will be joined after dinner by 2,000 or 3,000—again the number is variously estimated—lesser labor luminaries, who will be treated to a band concert of martial airs and a "torchlight tattoo." The symbolism is perfect.

Such events are easy to arrange. People of uncertain status are usually eager to attend a White House function. The long-term consequences of Meany's leadership are more in doubt. In the past, its sole consistency has been an adherence to the *status quo*. If labor has no place to go, politically, it is because Meany has given it no direction. He has set his face against change—a purely static position. The Democratic Party is also groping for a direction, but currently it shows more signs of finding one than does the Meany wing of organized labor.

## The Example of New Haven

The skepticism of last year—publicly voiced by Kingman Brewster—that a Black Panther could receive a fair trial anywhere in the United States has been measurably abated, in no small part because by saying what he did, when he did, where he did, Yale's President helped establish a climate of opinion which won for Lonnie McLucas a fair trial in New Haven. In finding McLucas guilty of conspiracy to murder, but acquitting him of three more serious charges, the jury did what in logic and law it was compelled to do. Given his own testimony, the jury could hardly have found McLucas not guilty on all counts. The jurors were obviously impressed by his honesty and the fact that he had been caught up in a web of entanglements which he did not fully comprehend. Speculation aside, the jury's verdict was fair, and it is incontestable that McLucas received a fair trial.

But it is important to note the circumstances which made a fair trial possible. A climate of opinion had been established, in both white and black sections of the community, which permitted the trial process to operate as in theory it should always operate. There was, as there should have been, concern in both sections of the community that McLucas be given a fair trial. But the expression of this concern never went beyond the permissible bounds. The trial was conducted by a judge—Judge Harold Mulvey—who was patient, courteous and fair-minded. McLucas was fortunately defended by a brilliant trial lawyer, Theodore Koskoff, of Bridgeport, who (it may come as news to the under-30 generation) was active in the Henry Wallace campaign of 1948. Mr. Koskoff did not seek to stage a political extravaganza; he tried to win a fair trial for his client. He did not try to convict society and/or the Establishment of the heinous crimes of which it—or both—are no doubt guilty; he wanted to acquit his client if possible. He carefully, and wisely, characterized his client in terms which the jury could readily understand and accept. Of the jurors' verdict he said: "I believe they gave a black revolutionary a fair trial." They did, and in the context of today's events that is no small achievement.

Reassuring as the verdict is, however, it is important to emphasize the special circumstances which made it possible. If this had been a routine criminal case—if the spotlight of attention of an aroused community had not been focused on the courtroom—would the verdict have been the same? The jurors were determined, as Judge Mulvey said, to show "the whole wide world" that they were responsible and fair-minded and intelligent. But judge, prosecutor, defense counsel and community were also conscious of the same wide scrutiny of which the jurors were aware. New Haven has proved that the judicial process can give a black revolutionary a fair trial, but it has also shown the preconditions required for it to function as it should function in cases where the bias of the society is a factor to be guarded against.

## The Big Boondoggle

The supersonic transport is holding out the tin cup again. Its sponsors—principally the Department of Transportation, Boeing, General Electric, some of the airlines and, it goes without saying, the two Senators from Washington—need $290 million in development funds. If this sizable piece of change is appropriated in the current fiscal year, work can begin on two prototype SSTs. Next year, the promoters of supersonic air transport will be back for more, up to a previously established ceiling of $1.3 billion in government money for the development phase. Although William M. Magruder, who is in charge of the Department of Transportation's end of the SST project, has given assurances that this amount will not be exceeded, current difficulties in the aircraft manufacturing and air transport fields raise some doubt as to the accuracy of his forecast.

The SST creates a multitude of economic, technical and ecological issues, which have been thoroughly and ably debated on both sides. Some questions remain in doubt—for instance, will the SST take-off noise be so excessive that airports will be forced to bar it, and might commercial operation have atmospheric and stratospheric



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effects that could change the world's climate for the worse? But it is not on such questions, vital as they are, that the decision of whether to appropriate the $290 million will rest. No one even slightly acquainted with the interactions of government and big business will have any doubts on that point.

What will decide the fate of the SST at this stage are the political and economic pressures that can be brought to bear. The President and the Administration, despite all the palaver about keeping down government spending, are pushing hard for the SST. Senators Magnuson and Jackson are calling in all the political IOUs they hold, and as chairmen of key committees they hold a good handful. They know, as well as anyone, that the SST is a boondoggle to save Boeing from the difficulties that have engulfed Lockheed and General Dynamics. "These are strenuous times, fraught with peril," says William M. Allen, Boeing's chairman. He was talking not only of the times generally but of his own company, which he has seen through many crises in his forty-five years in the aircraft manufacturing industry.

However, one sign of the perilous times is that the aircraft lobby does not exert the muscle that it could bring to bear in happier days. The fantastically inflated costs of military aircraft, and the move against giving the military everything they ask for, have weakened the manufacturers' political support. Members of Congress have learned to say no. Not only is the manufacturing branch of the industry in trouble; so also are the airlines, which face a year in which losses will exceed profits. The jumbo jets involve large investments of borrowed money, and whether worried lenders will continue to provide funds is in some cases doubtful. Bankers may prove even more skeptical when it comes to financing the production of a fleet of SSTs, with all the unknown factors of supersonic flight.

Yet, for the manufacturers, the SST holds out the chief promise of renewed prosperity. So they are doing their best to make it look good, and to minimize its dubious features. The $290 million appropriation got through the House, but by only a slim margin. In the Senate, its prospects are anybody's guess. It may get by, but certainly not with the 58 votes it received last time. Several Senators have defected, and more may follow. It is quite conceivable that the great boondoggle will lose, and that could have a salutary effect on conspicuous technological waste generally.

## The Victim

It is particularly tragic that confrontation violence, whether by police or protesters, so often strikes down persons who were not personally involved in the action. Examples: the young man who stood on a rooftop watching the People's Park demonstration in Berkeley; the young, uninvolved student at Santa Barbara who was trying to induce the protesting students "to cool it"—both victims of police gunfire—or the graduate student who was killed in the bombing of the Army mathematics research center at the University of Wisconsin.

The most recent such victim is Ruben Salazar, killed when a force of 330 deputy sheriffs converged on a mass rally called by Chicanos of East Los Angeles to protest the war in Vietnam. Salazar was news director of KMEX, a Spanish-language television station, and columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*. In both capacities he had been a most sensitive, responsible and perceptive interpreter of Mexican-American aspirations and feelings, in a community where interpreters of his quality have been in short supply for many years. It is tragic indeed that the one victim of the disturbances accompanying that protest was a man of such talent, insight and high promise.

## A Nice War

At the California Democratic State Convention in August, Jess Unruh and Rep. John V. Tunney kicked off their respective campaigns for governor and U.S. Senator. The sensation of the convention, however, was a statement by Sen. Alan Cranston that between 20,000 and 25,000 American soldiers have been killed by South Vietnamese peasants. "Let me tell you a shocking, little-known fact," Cranston said in his speech introducing Unruh. "Over half of the American boys who have died in Vietnam were not killed by front-line Vietcong or North Vietnamese troops. They were killed by South Vietnamese peasants—men, women and children—who planted mines and booby traps."

Cranston said his figures came from sources within the U.S. Government that he considers "totally reliable." Whether the actual figure is 20,000 or 10,000 or 5,000, there can be no doubt that heavy American losses have been sustained through peasant guerrilla action; this has been cited in GI apologias for the My Lai and other massacres. There is in fact every reason for mutual hostility between the Vietnamese peasant and the American soldier. The peasant may not know much, but he does know that Vietnam is his country, and that the Americans are devastating his land. In a recently published pamphlet, "The Destruction of Indochina," the Stanford Biology Study Group (single copies 25¢, Box 3724, Stanford, Calif. 94305) states among its conclusions: "The defoliation of vast areas of forest and agricultural land by poisonous and teratogenic herbicides, the saturation bombing and extensive burning, the deliberate destruction of crops with resulting starvation, malnutrition and disease—these we have introduced to Southeast Asia and to the list of available techniques for waging war."

The peasant cannot read this statement by some of our leading biologists. He doesn't need to. He experiences it, and he retaliates when he can.

## Evans Clark

Evans Clark, who died on August 28 at the age of 82, was one of a small and vanishing group of distinguished individualists who, through their own dedication to social reform, placed it on the agenda of national policy. He brought to social planning imperatively needed advocacy, visibility and respectability, at a time when all three were uncommon.

As the first Executive Director of The Twentieth Century Fund, a post he held for twenty-five years until 1953, he attracted to the Fund distinguished authorities



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on basic problems, whose published surveys, often controversial, projected great economic issues which served as catalysts in public education on vital social problems.

Coming himself from a wealthy background, his dedication to social reform began in early manhood as an expression of personal conviction, vigorously pursued throughout his life. He was an early and strong opponent of fascism and Nazism.

He had a gift for balanced judgment, coupled with steadfast loyalty to causes and people. His advocacy was marked by clarity of thought, precision in articulation, and generosity of feeling for his fellow men.

Mr. Clark's special interests were insuring equitable education for all; decent living standards; low-income housing, old-age security and medical health insurance. In 1944 he was one of the major incorporators of the Health Insurance Plan, a nonprofit organization, which serves close to a million New Yorkers.

After his retirement from The Twentieth Century Fund, Mr. Clark's impact on social thinking continued through his writings on varied social and economic problems in *The New York Times*, where he was a member of the editorial board for eight years, until 1962.

The social thinker and planner had also a gay side to his nature. He loved to dance; he loved the sea, to swim in and to pilot his boat. He was an authority on Latin American music, and an inveterate fire buff.

The husband of Freda Kirchwey, *The Nation*'s longtime editor and publisher, and an occasional contributor to its columns, he was one of the magazine's most stalwart friends. A member of *The Nation* family for many years, he will be remembered with respect and affection.

# LET MY PEOPLE GO

*Peking*

*The Nation* has honored me with an invitation to offer the following message to the American people.

We Cambodians profoundly admire your tradition of democracy and liberty, but we properly deplore the fact that your government, under the pretext of defending in Asia democracy and liberty allegedly menaced by communism, meddles so openly, constantly, by arms and even war in the internal affairs of our Asiatic peoples and countries.

For the readers of your esteemed magazine, I need not name the countries which the government of the United States has turned into satellites, on the ground that communism menaced democracy and liberty in those states. But the American public itself is the first to know that these countries are governed by military juntas which have hoisted themselves into power by *coups d'état* and by establishing in their lands paper parliaments and oppressive dictatorships. Yet when these peoples revolt, the propaganda apparatus of the United States treats them as Communists.

That unhappily is the case today in my country of Cambodia. The Cambodian people who remain loyal to their legal chief of state and who do not acknowledge the Fascist and bloody dictatorship of the Lon Nol junta, usurper of the constitutional power—this Buddhist and Royalist Cambodian people—is characterized as Communist by Washington propaganda.

On the day after Lon Nol staged his *coup d'état* against me, President Nixon arranged for military intervention in Cambodia by the United States and certain satellite governments, in the guise of defending its independence and its neutrality. But the evidence shows that independence and neutrality existed in the period when I was chief of state at Phnom Penh. After his *coup d'état*, Lon Nol was menaced not at all by the Vietnamese Communists. On the contrary, it is he who created out of whole cloth the conditions for a double war in Cambodia—that is to say, a war against Communist Vietnam and a war against his own Khmer people. In that connection the testimony of objective American reporters, newspapers and statesmen are explicit. In a cable dated March 30, T. Jeff Williams of the Associated Press wrote: "It is organized Sihanouk supporters who are ready to march on the capital, not Vietcong troops. This has brought the army into confrontation with the Cambodian people in several instances and many Cambodians have been killed."

From the time he seized power, Lon Nol has waged war on his own people and on the peaceful Vietnamese resident in Cambodia, whom he calls Vietcong. Sen. Mike Mansfield himself made a point of telling the American nation not to allow itself to be duped by Lon Nol. He stated in Washington on April 16: "The conflict already involves the potential of an ugly genocide by government-stimulated mob action against several thousand Vietnamese civilians, for the most part farmers, fishermen and tradesmen who have lived for decades in reasonable peace in Cambodia. The Pandora's box which was held shut by the leadership and diplomacy of Prince Sihanouk is wide open. We ought to know on the basis of experience that even with a massive infusion of American equipment we are likely to have minimal constructive effect on that upheaval and we will open the door to another destructive impact on our own national interests."

For its part, *The New York Times* stated on April 17: "Slaughter of unarmed captive civilians is a reflection of military weakness in a regime that came to power pledged to eject Vietnamese Communist troops. The indiscriminate slaughter of Vietnamese not all of whom can be regarded as Communist sympathizers certainly will cool enthusiasm. If the United States should make the mistake of acceding to a Cambodian appeal for military aid it could find itself more dangerously embroiled than ever in a struggle that has little relationship to the purpose for which this country entered Southeast Asia."

It is tragic that President Nixon has not taken heed of these wise and prophetic warnings, but persists in confusing the Lon Nol regime with the Cambodian people. In this connection, let me cite still another American. Richard Dudman, your colleague on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, wrote on June 28: "What I saw and heard dur-



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ing nearly six weeks as a captive in liberated Cambodia convinced me that President Nixon's policies inadvertently were helping to create conditions for a people's war by a determined guerrilla front with a strong popular support. I saw the early development of what appears to be a Cambodian people's movement, The Front Uni de la Nation Khmer, popularly known as FUNK. It is loyal not to the shaky government of Premier Lon Nol but to Norodom Sihanouk. The Cambodian countryside where most of the population lives is being radicalized and quickly turned into a massive, dedicated and effective revolutionary base. At each plantation or farmer's hut we have seen evidence of allegiance to Sihanouk and of its counterpart, extreme hatred of the United States and President Nixon. American shells and bombs mean to Cambodians that the United States is waging unprovoked colonialist war against them. Official U.S. descriptions of the guerrilla war there as a simple case of aggression from North Vietnam stood in the way of a sensible American approach, if one was possible at all. The war was far more than it appeared. It contained important elements of a civil struggle. There was an indigenous movement, although of course with close ties to North Vietnam. The attitude of the villagers we saw indicated clearly that Sihanouk remains a highly popular leader in Cambodia."

The United Front of the Khmer people and I together beg the American people and their Congress to prevail on President Nixon that he end his support of Lon Nol's illegal and unpopular government and cease to offer it military, financial and economic assistance. The financial and economic assistance which the United States has given Lon Nol has in no way helped, and will not help, the mass of the Cambodian people. As for the military aid and the aerial bombardments, they manage only to aggravate the hatred of the vast majority of Cambodians for the United States and to widen the breach separating our two peoples and our two countries. Whatever President Nixon may be able to do for Lon Nol, he cannot end the popular Khmer resistance which becomes the more respectable as the armed Nixon intervention gains it the support of the popular resistance in Vietnam and Laos and the assistance of the People's Republic of China and of the Democratic Republic of Korea.

The long-term interests of the United States dictate that it should disengage completely and rapidly from what the American press itself calls the Cambodian hornet's nest and the Indochinese swamp. Such a disengagement would certainly reconcile the Cambodian, Vietnamese and Laotian peoples with your great country. Even if our domestic institutions differ from yours, a peaceful coexistence is perfectly possible between you and us, since all of us are longing for peace and national independence. As for my people and myself, we shall be most disposed to establish friendly relations with the American people and government if they will consent no longer to meddle in our internal affairs. We have no need of your assistance, but we have need of your respect. It is not by preserving Lon Nol's regime that the United States will win the war against the Indochinese peoples. In fact, quite the contrary. The United States will win peace in Indochina and the friendship of the Indochinese people by promptly abandoning the unrepresentative regimes and establishing relations with the Khmer, Vietnamese and Laotian popular fronts.

With the highest and warmest regards,
*Norodom Sihanouk, Prince of Cambodia*

FROM THE SHORES OF IWAKUNI

# Marine Doves & the Baffled Brass

**CLARK C. SMITH**
*Mr. Smith is editor of* The Ally, *a newspaper for U.S. servicemen, which reaches more than 100,000 of them each month. He has also taught history at San Jose State College for the past two years.*

In the past several years the rumblings of dissent have been growing within the military machine. The GI opposition to the war in Vietnam and to the involuntary servitude that makes the war possible has become increasingly sophisticated and increasingly tenacious in its resistance to the brass. On some military posts it is approaching the stage of crisis.

The overt dissent has been encouraged by the massive civilian protests at the end of 1969, and by efforts on the part of a few civilians and ex-GIs to break down the information barrier purposely created by the military command. It has also been encouraged by the My Lai massacre exposure, the NCO club scandals, the Green Beret murder case, the Military Intelligence spy activities and, finally, by the recent Cambodian adventure. The effect of these activities has been not only to damage the military in public esteem but also to weld together civilians and anti-war GIs. As a result, anti-war GIs have begun to resist in more determined ways.

One example of new militancy can be found at Marine Corps Air Station Iwakuni, Japan. In December 1968, soon after the successful November Moratorium, *The Ally*, a newspaper for servicemen, received a letter from Cpl. Lonnie Renner of MCAS Iwakuni. Renner was interested in distributing *The Ally* to fellow Marines and in organizing a "local" of the American Servicemen's Union. He had been in touch with the ASU and was receiving *The Ally* and other anti-war publications. Through the efforts of Renner and other Marines at Iwakuni—Cpl. Robert Dorton, Cpl. David Gillett, Pvt. Dennis Hahn and Cpl. George Bacon—the distribution of *The Ally* spread and the ASU grew. Other Marines, whose names cannot be mentioned for fear of reprisal, also worked with the Iwakuni Five.



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Shortly after the formation of the ASU "local," the Iwakuni Marines began to publish their own newspaper which they named, somewhat sacrilegiously, *Semper Fi.* Some half-dozen issues subsequently appeared and succeeded in drawing response from the official Marine news magazine at Iwakuni, *Torii Teller.* The Marine magazine warned that "At the risk of being accused of attempting to abridge the right of freedom of expression, we would like to point out that the publishing and distribution of an unauthorized handbill, pamphlet or other printed material for the airing of grievances is a violation of Air Station Order 1620.8. . . . At the very least, it's a violation of a lawful order, which by the way follows legally established guidelines for 'freedom of expression:' The charge for writing for, or passing them out, could be as serious as sedition. That's a pretty high price to pay for your licks at military authority."

Renner and his friends had more serious concerns than taking "licks at military authority." In a circular letter the staff of *Semper Fi* announced that their paper was "about the only means GIs here have of learning what is really happening in the GI movement, about the war, and of hearing viewpoints other than the official military propaganda." This last phrase, of course, is the crucial issue between the Iwakuni Marines and the brass: to wit: "All the news that fits we print" is the military motto. The Marine activists were concerned with the entrenched racism of the corps which continually led to ugly incidents at Iwakuni. They wished to correct military combat propaganda with the truth about the war. The hostility of the Marine Corps brass was aroused, but just who produced *Semper Fi* was by no means clear.

On March 16, Armed Forces Day was challenged throughout the military by an Armed *Farces* Day and twenty-three military posts around the nation were closed. Iwakuni stayed open, but Marine resisters there appeared wearing black armbands in mourning for the young men killed in the war. There were many who wore the bands and counterintelligence teams were busy taking pictures and names. Eventually, the MPs rounded up a number of Marines who had gathered to listen to a public address system beamed through the fence by Behieren (Japan Committee for Peace in Vietnam). As a consequence of walking into his duty section, the Public Affairs Office, wearing an armband, Corporal Gillette was transferred along with another Marine (Pvt. David Mitchell) to MCAS Futema on Okinawa. Renner, Bacon and other Marines were arrested for wearing black armbands.

In April, resistance mounted further, and the brass began to make a concerted effort to discover who the activists were by searching the mails. Numerous copies of *The Ally* and probably other anti-military publications had been turning up at the station. *The Ally* received a letter from Renner announcing: "Things are really getting bad here. ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) headhunters have begun seizing packages of *The Ally* at the Station Post Office. I was one of the lucky ones, as my fifty copies got through to me." But several Marines were caught in the illegal seizures. They were called in to the Executive Officer and read the station order banning the circulation of prohibited materials. Each Marine was given a copy of *The Ally* as his *personal* copy and warned of the penalties that could be used against distributors of unauthorized materials; the rest of the newspapers were confiscated.

In the meantime, the anti-war Marines had made contact with Behieren. A "Love-In" was organized to coincide with the annual Cherry Blossom Festival at Kintai, Iwakuni City, on April 12. The Marines were to handle the entertainment and the members of the local Behieren handed out anti-war literature, including copies of *Semper Fi.* Many of the 70,000 people who showed up for the festival were Marines on weekend passes. The Japanese press took note of what they called the "Peace and Love" gathering. Japanese press, radio and TV picked up the story and carried it all over Japan.

The brass were furious. Until then they had followed a policy of benign neglect in dealing with the troublesome activists, but when the Japanese press took notice it was another matter. Renner was immediately denied further access to classified material in his Communications Center job. Dorton was immediately given orders for Camp Pendleton, California. Renner, Dorton and Hahn were called into the office of the Executive Officer on April 14. There a station order which banned all political activity was read to them. This obvious attempt at intimidation failed, since the Marines knew that they had not broken any regulations that would stand up in a court-martial. And no charges were brought against them.

As the base gradually began to find out who the activists were, so did the brass. Collaboration with the Japanese anti-war forces was the clincher and, after mid-April it was only a matter of time before the Marine activists would be transferred. The Japanese journalists, however, had not finished with the Iwakuni story. The Asahi press again commented on the Iwakuni resistance. It mentioned that the brass were reluctant to concede that *Semper Fi* was published by personnel attached at Iwakuni. The paper noted that it was difficult to imagine just who else could possibly be putting it out. Threats by the Iwakuni activists to give the Marine air station more bad publicity made the officers cautious.

*Semper Fi* continued to appear. It addressed itself to the racial incidents that had led to the hospitalization of Marines, to numerous arrests and to special guard details for night patrols. Racial tension remained high, but the official policy was to pretend to the outside world that nothing was happening at Iwakuni. *Semper Fi* was concerned to stop the violence by bringing Blacks and whites together in a show of radical solidarity. Worst of all, *Semper Fi* was prepared to make all of this public in a single sheet of mimeographed muckraking.

Rather than resolve the racial strife at Iwakuni, the authorities chose the simpler alternative of getting rid of the radical publicists. Dorton had already been transferred. On June 2, Renner and Hahn were given less than two hours' notice that they were being transferred stateside—Renner to MCAS Cherry Point, N.C., and Hahn to MCAS Beaufort, S.C. When they appeared at the air terminal, carefully policed, twenty Marines assembled to see them off with shouts of "right on!"

The following day, Bacon was given an hour's notice by the Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force. Specific instructions were that he was to be sent *back* to



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The Ally
*"My Son Tells Me You're a Real Son of a Bitch"*

Vietnam, and he is now at Chu Lai Air Base where he is applying for discharge as a conscientious objector. Bacon had been a distributor of *The Ally* at MCAS Yuma before transferring to Iwakuni. He wrote *The Ally* upon arrival at Chu Lai: "As an interesting postscript to the story, you might add that when I arrived in Vietnam, my new C.O. told me that my reputation had preceded me, and that if I tried any 'subversive bullshit' in his outfit I would get a bullet in my back! Ah yes, America the beautiful. . . ."

Bacon's departure had not been sudden enough to prevent some thirty Marine supporters from seeing him off at the air terminal. This time more of a confrontation took place with the brass. Iwakuni resisters reported that among the officers present were Brig. Gen. W. G. ("Little Caesar") Johnson, Commanding General of the First Marine Air Wing, and Col. ("Big Pig") Quinn. Cries of "Right on!" and "Oink, Oink" were directed at the angry and bewildered officers, along with clenched fists and peace signs.

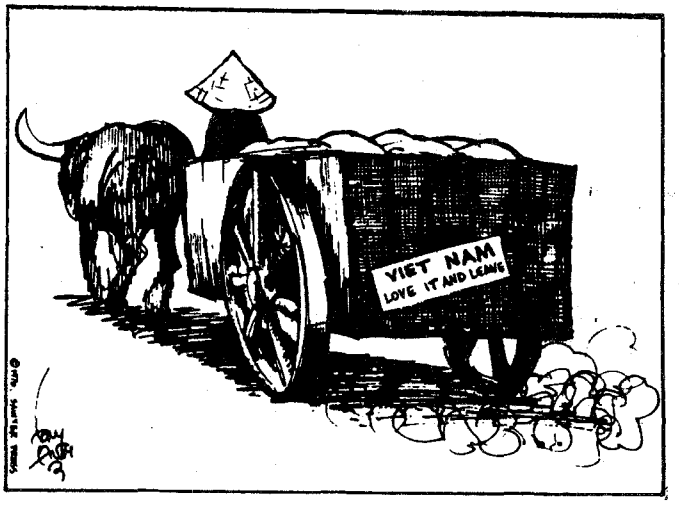
Bacon later sent out his own news release which stated in part: "The brass here apparently feel that by transferring us [the Iwakuni Five] they have effectively stopped dissent among Iwakuni GIs. They are so wrong! The more harassment and intimidation we receive, the stronger we become. When GIs throughout Japan learn of this latest action by the brass, they will support us in even greater numbers. More and more GIs are realizing that the brass are punishing us simply because of our beliefs—because we believe that American involvement in Southeast Asia is wrong and because we have the courage to voice our beliefs. The American military will soon learn that they may transfer a revolutionary, but they cannot transfer the revolution!" Nevertheless, the revolution in the military has been spread by transferring the Iwakuni activists. Bacon at Chu Lai, Hahn at Beaufort, Gilbert at Okinawa have continued their work. Renner has since received an honorable discharge.

As Bacon predicted, the anti-war activities at Iwakuni have not ended. Instead, they have expanded. Since the beginning of June three issues of a larger *Semper Fi* have appeared. Bacon's statement on leaving Iwakuni was printed in several Japanese newspapers. Iwakuni Marine activists released a tape recording to the press, through Behieren, protesting the punitive transfers of the five activists. Japanese reporters have also estimated that there are about 350 anti-war GIs at Iwakuni. They still read *The Ally, Semper Fi* and other "unauthorized" materials. Collaboration with Behieren has been strengthened. On the Fourth of July about thirty Marines again joined Behieren in Yoshika Park, Iwakuni, for a rally. Inside the base itself peace signs are continually scrawled on aircraft, a further indication that activism has not dissipated.

Also on July 4—Independence Day—prisoners in the Iwakuni brig revolted. The *Japan Times* reported that thirty-two inmates—thirty-one Marines and one sailor—rioted for two hours until armed guards restored order. But versions of events based on official statements can never be trusted and accounts from Marines on the base insist that the rioters held a section of the brig for fourteen hours and caused extensive damage. The reason for the brig outburst was that men were being held in pretrial confinement for as long as six weeks. Thus they were denied the constitutional guarantee of a speedy trial. Also, there was the usual brig harassment, always a factor in such outbreaks. Eight of these Marines are now being held in the Yokohama brig in solitary confinement, charged with being ringleaders of the rebellion. They are awating general courts-martial.

The *Mainichi Shimbun* reported on July 6 that "the riot on the base reflects the growth of the movement against the war among GIs, and also the growing tensions caused by the oppressive brass." Examples of such growing tensions are long working hours and continued and unabated harassment by "lifers" bent upon gaining promotion or a new ribbon on their chests. A regular correspondent for *The Ally* at Iwakuni wrote the following:

> A few good words here from Iwakuni about *The Ally* and other things. It seems that the 15th Counter-intelligence Team (an extremely ambiguous title) is still in the dark as to the spelling of Ally. They still use Alley. Whenever we need a lift we listen to the tape of my last interrogation with those illustrious gentlemen and soon everyone is in stitches.




Reprinted from The Ally



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On to more serious matters. MCAS Iwakuni is presently expecting a new general and hoping that he will prove more understanding than PIG Johnson. Two squadrons here are undergoing growing pains in the form of rather extensive sabotage (VMFA-232 of Marine Aircraft Group 15 and VMA [AW]-533 of MAG-12). In the case of 232 most discontent can be traced directly back to their C.O., Lt. Col. R. E. Solliday and his 12 hour work days and 2:30 AM field days. 533's problems have as yet been undetermined by myself, but it looks as if the situation is quite similar to that of 232. 232 had a mass walkout on a pacification-type beer party given by the C.O. (with funds taken from the squadron coffee mess) after a squadron formation on July 25. Most men feel that the squadron is on the verge of a mutiny. Numerous letters have been written to congressmen about the situation in 232 but results have been negligible.

Another squadron, VMCJ-1, is now setting up operations here in Iwakuni and have been oppressed already with such restrictive harassment as a $25 fine for carrying around an open food container (Coke, coffee, etc.) as potential litterbugs. I still find it hard to believe except when I think of where we are and where the PIGS are (nowhere).

It seems clear from the growth of the GI resistance at Iwakuni, from the brig rebellion associated with it, and from the continued harassment of Marines there, that the brass have learned nothing from their recent experiences. This is not unusual and will lead to increasingly aggravated situations at Iwakuni and other Marine installations where the conditions are the same. Furthermore, the political factors of black militancy and anti-war radicalism have added a new dimension to situations long existing at Marine bases. If to brutalization and harassment are added severe racial tensions and growing anti-war sentiment, the result will almost certainly be explosive. The existence of the Iwakuni resistance, its organizational strength as a "local" of the ASU, its affiliation with the Japanese peace movement, and its determination to channel these social and political tensions into a radical path is a powerful test of the ability of the Marine Corps to control its own forces.

The military can expect the situation at Iwakuni to be duplicated at other installations. Airmen from Itzazuki Air Force Base have begun to distribute *The Ally*, have formed an organization and are printing a newsletter. The Japanese press has helped to alert the local public. A half-hour color TV documentary on Channel 4 (Hiroshima), broadcast in late June, was called simply *Semper Fi* and was very favorable to the Iwakuni resistance. With the increasing awareness of Japanese activists and the increasing determination of GI activists, it would appear that a new political phenomenon—begun at Iwakuni by a handful of courageous Marines—is spreading throughout Japan. □

DEMOCRATIC DERBY

# FORM SHEET on the DARK HORSES

**LES GAPAY**
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*Washington*

With less than two years to go before it convenes to nominate a candidate to oppose President Nixon, the Democratic Party is in trouble as far as its obvious front runners are concerned. Hubert H. Humphrey and Sen. Edmund S. Muskie, George McGovern and Edward M. Kennedy are generating little public enthusiasm.

Several dark horses are taking hope from this situation and are jockeying to be in a favorable position in the summer after next. They include Sens. Birch Bayh of Indiana, Harold E. Hughes of Iowa, Joseph D. Tydings of Maryland, Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota and Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma; former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark and former War on Poverty director, Ambassador to France and, more important, Kennedy in-law, Sargent Shriver.

Some party leaders and officeholders hope to convince Mayor John Lindsay of New York to turn Democrat; others have brought up the names of such exceedingly dark horses as West Virginia Secretary of State Jay Rockefeller, Senate candidate Adlai E. Stevenson III of Illinois, and Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale.

Talk of creating a new third (or if you count Wallace, fourth) major party of liberal Democrats and Republicans, including Lindsay, retiring Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota and Urban Coalition head John W. Gardner, is becoming serious and would deprive the Democrats of their left wing. It is not certain that reforms recommended for the Democratic Party's Presidential nominating convention, to prevent a repetition of the 1968 Chicago fiasco, will be implemented. The Democrats are in such financial straits that they have not even attempted to reduce the $9 million campaign debt left from 1968, and expect in 1972 to be outspent five to one by Republicans.

Most Democratic leaders agree that at this early stage, Muskie has the best chance of getting the nomination. He is leading all other Democratic hopefuls in the national polls. His office boasts that he has given more speeches since the 1968 election than any other Senator. Muskie is also working hard on his Maine Senate race this year, with the expectation that an impressive victory over his weak opponent, 66-year-old Neil Bishop, who has run unsuccessfully for office before, would make him that much more attractive in 1972. Muskie has rented space in downtown Washington, which is more accessible to volunteers and advisers than his Capitol Hill office. His staff claims that this subsidiary headquarters does research and coordinates liaison for the Senate campaign, and is in



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no way involved in efforts to boost the Senator for 1972.

A number of former Democratic officials, among them former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, are advising Muskie on major issues. Nevertheless, he has been sharply criticized in party circles that want him to exert more forceful leadership and to speak out more strongly on Indochina. In response, the Senator wrote for a July issue of *The New York Times Magazine* a careful outline of his views on the war; he called for withdrawal of all American forces by the end of 1971. A Muskie aide observes: "He doesn't shoot from the hip, so he doesn't get the headlines. People are looking for a guy on the white horse, the miracle worker. When the party doesn't hold the White House it has no *single* spokesman. Jack Kennedy wasn't the Democratic spokesman from 1952 to '60. The Presidential game is a question of staying power. Muskie has weathered well in the past two years." The theory is that too much exposure will force Muskie's campaign to peak early. Although the Senator may step up the pace after the first of the year, those close to him do not expect the 1972 bids of any potential candidates to become really intensive until about November 1971 (and they refrain from calling Muskie anything more than a potential candidate).

As for Humphrey, he is trying to change his image as a loser by winning big in the race for the Minnesota seat of dropout Eugene McCarthy. Humphrey is expected to have a tough race against the Republican, Rep. Clark MacGregor, who has a well-financed campaign. Humphrey backers and aides talk of getting him back into the Senate; there is not much enthusiasm for grooming the former Vice President for another Presidential sprint.

Because he is low in the polls, Senator McGovern is being written off by his colleagues and other watchers of the political scene as a "hell of a guy who doesn't have a chance of getting elected." At this point, party leaders seem not to take McGovern seriously as a candidate for 1972. However, McGovern takes himself seriously. When *The New York Times* quoted him last March as treating the 1972 race with benign neglect, he wrote a letter to the paper stating that he had been seriously considering and acting on the possibility of a race in 1972 for more than a year and had not lost interest in it.

McGovern has rejected advice that he announce his candidacy at an early stage, his argument being that early support would be poor strategy for any candidate and that he can easily continue to speak out on the war and other issues without such an announcement. McGovern has built a national constituency in the past year and a half with the war and hunger issues, but it seems to be restricted mainly to the intellectual community. He is also chairman of the Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection to the Democratic National Committee, and has been praised for his convention reform proposals. McGovern will try this fall, when campaigning for other Democratic Senate candidates, to improve upon his frequently alleged lack of popular appeal. "No doubt he is not a movie star," an aide remarked, "but maybe the temper of the country doesn't call for that. McGovern is not inept with the media. And he has more charisma than Nixon." McGovern aides like to recall that the Senator's anti-war fund-raising appeal on television last spring raised $500,000 for the party (it also got a check for $1 million, carrying the signature of Ho Chi Minh).

Senator Kennedy also has the odds against him, mainly because he took himself out of the running for 1972 after Chappaquiddick. This year, the Senator may be hurt again politically if his victory in the November Senate race is not overwhelming. No knowledgeable source in Washington will say that the Senator is out of the 1972 running, but there are comments that he would have to enter the primaries to get the nomination and that the prospects of winning at that level are slim. One also hears that Kennedy's influence has declined among his Senate colleagues. An aide to a close ally to Kennedy in the Senate had this assessment: "Before Chappaquiddick, if you wanted to introduce a liberal bill and pick up twenty-five co-sponsors, you would go to Kennedy. Now you go to Sam Ervin for a crime bill or to Frank Church for foreign affairs. The Kennedy name is gone."

The weaknesses of these four leading candidates caused Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield to tell reporters in July that his party did not have a candidate of stature to beat Nixon. Mansfield called Muskie "the only man we have at the moment," but he called him a "loner" who has to develop "charisma and charm and a following." Mansfield dismissed Humphrey and Kennedy as major contenders for the nomination and said more remote prospects like Senators Hughes, Bayh and Mondale "need to be seasoned a bit."

Back in March, Lawrence F. O'Brien, then the new Democratic national chairman, said the party could be priced out of the 1972 Presidential campaign because of the high cost of television advertising and the Republicans' easier access to large sums of money. He said the Republicans probably would be able to spend close to $50 million for their national campaign, as compared to about $10 million for the Democrats. O'Brien also pointed up the obvious lack of strength of the Democratic leadership by saying he would welcome a party switch by Mayor Lindsay, who is also considering joining a national liberal party. O'Brien, however, has qualified his welcome to Lindsay by saying that the New York Mayor would have to become an "active Democrat, fully involved with the Democratic Party . . . over the next two or three years" to be looked upon by the party as a possible Presidential candidate. In recent weeks, O'Brien has again been talking gloomily about the party's debt, but has become more optimistic about a Nixon defeat. He has been predicting to reporters that Nixon would be the first incumbent President since Herbert Hoover to be ousted after one term in office. Officials at the Democratic National Committee are saying that a good Democratic candidate will have a chance in 1972 if the war in Indochina is still going and if the economy is still sour. They need that good candidate.

And the party still has to shake its 1968 image if it wants to attract the liberal voters in 1972 and keep the liberal wing from starting its own party. The McGovern Commission (the Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection) was established by resolution at the 1968 convention. In its report, Mandate for Reform,



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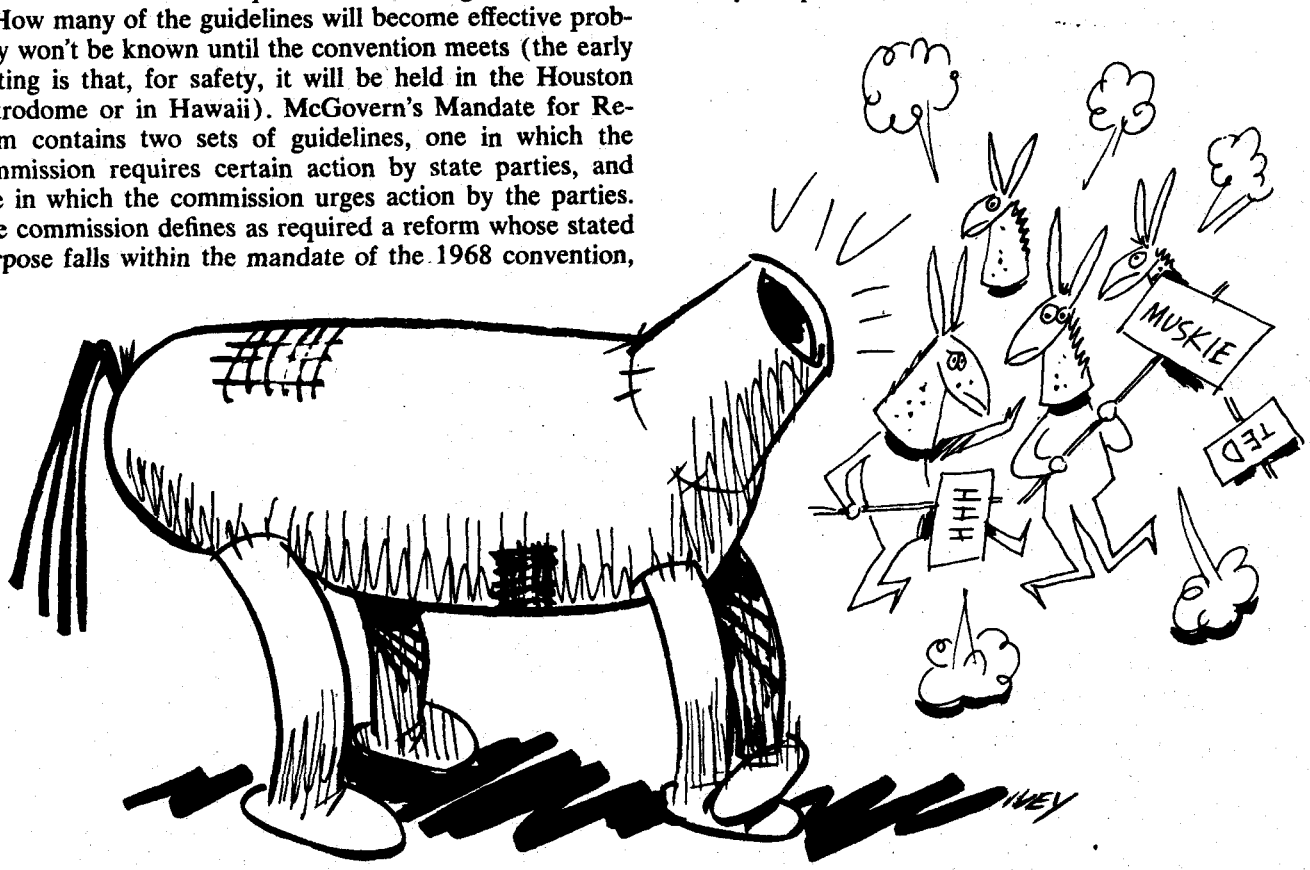
released last April, the commission discovered that in 1968 at least twenty states had no rules, or inadequate rules, for the selection of convention delegates; the choices were made by a handful of party leaders. More than one-third of the convention delegates had been selected a year or more before the convention, when the major issues or the possible Presidential candidates were unknown. The unit rule (whereby a majority can dictate the votes of a dissenting minority), the enforcement of binding instructions on delegates, the candidacies of favorite sons, were all devices to force delegates to vote against their stated Presidential preferences. In addition, the primary, convention and committee systems denied representation to the supporters of minority candidates. Secret caucuses and proxy voting were common at precinct, county, district and state conventions. In many states, all but the wealthiest Democrats were excluded from some primaries by nonreturnable filing fees (up to $14,000 in one state) or from attending the Presidential convention by state party rules requiring delegates to pay as much as $500 to the state committee for the privilege. Women, Blacks and youth were underrepresented at the convention—only 13 per cent were women and only 5 per cent were Blacks.

The commission adopted guidelines for state parties which included prohibiting selection of delegates before the calendar year of the convention; banning the unit rule and all mandatory assessments on delegates to the convention; seeking a broader base for the party by encouraging representation from minority groups, young people and women, these to be in reasonable relationship to their presence in the population of the state; encouraging any Democrat 18 years of age or older to participate in party affairs, and permitting the state committee to select not more than 10 per cent of a delegation.

How many of the guidelines will become effective probably won't be known until the convention meets (the early betting is that, for safety, it will be held in the Houston Astrodome or in Hawaii). McGovern's Mandate for Reform contains two sets of guidelines, one in which the commission requires certain action by state parties, and one in which the commission urges action by the parties. The commission defines as required a reform whose stated purpose falls within the mandate of the 1968 convention, since that is considered the minimum action state parties must take to meet the requirements of the Call for the 1972 Convention. The changes listed above are all required. Guidelines urged upon state parties include removing costs and fees involved in the delegate selection process, long residency requirements and literacy tests, and ending selection systems which require or permit party committees to select any part of the state delegation.

The commission claims that, because it was created by actions taken at the 1968 convention, its legal responsibility extends only to that body. The guidelines thus can be accepted or rejected by the 1972 convention, and the commission has no enforcement power upon state parties. Instead, the commission recommended that in the event of any challenge involving an allegation of failure to fulfill the provisions of the guidelines, the Credentials Committee of the 1972 convention be guided by the principle that state parties must assume the burden of insuring opportunities for "full, meaningful and timely participation" in the delegate selection process for party members.

McGovern staff members do not believe all the guidelines will be adopted by all fifty states. There is also a question as to whether O'Brien and his staff are committed to the proposed party reforms. In May, O'Brien bypassed the McGovern Commission and appointed a new *ad hoc* committee to guide state parties in implementing the reform recommendations. O'Brien denied any wish to undercut the McGovern Commission, but acknowledged that the new committee's advice to the National Committee could include guidelines differing from those proposed by the commission. Aides to the commission and to McGovern have said recently that the *ad hoc* committee has been cooperative and that they feel it will help to speed the reforms. "It adds more clout to the pic-



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ture," said one commission staffer. He added that in recent weeks, O'Brien has been pushing the reforms vigorously in meetings with party leaders. McGovern and O'Brien sent a joint letter to state party leaders, urging them to set up local reform committees if they had not done so, and Joseph Califano, the National Committee's general counsel, sent a legal memorandum to state party leaders, warning that they must follow the guidelines or risk being unseated at the convention. At least forty-five of the fifty-five states and territories have set up reform committees since the commission's guidelines were announced.

Because of all the catches, however, some elements of the party are convinced that there will be no real changes and that no matter who wins the primaries in 1972 a handful of men, like Mayor Daley or Hubert Humphrey, perhaps even Lyndon Johnson, and a few labor leaders will control a good share of the delegates. One of the pessimists, Senator McCarthy, has been balancing the advantages of heading a new liberal party against those of staying in the present party if it is reformed.

Mayor Lindsay thinks of extending his independence by endorsing Democrat Arthur Goldberg for the New York governorship and supporting Republican Charles Goodell for the Senate, thus solidifying his backing from the liberal camp of both parties and keeping open Democratic and Republican camps for the possibility of a race in 1972, either as a Democrat or as the head of the new party.

Talk is also spreading that John Gardner, head of the Urban Coalition and former HEW Secretary, speculates on making a bid for the Presidency, either from a liberal party or as a Democrat. Gardner is a Republican and, like Lindsay, would have to decide soon if he wanted to switch labels. He recently started the Action Council, an organization that intends to mail letters to millions of voters, thus joining them into a lobby to press both Democrats and Republicans to revitalize their parties. Gardner, of course, denies any political ambitions.

Given all the factors (a party in disarray, lack of public enthusiasm for the big-name officeholders and the threat of being robbed of talent by a new party), Democrats should be embracing the McGovern reforms and exercising one or more of the dark horses for 1972. Birch Bayh, Ramsey Clark, Sargent Shriver and Senators Hughes, Tydings, Mondale and Harris are known to be interested. Bayh, in effect, is already running a campaign. A recent inquiry to his press aide produced a packet in the mail as thick as a Sunday *New York Times* and containing clippings speculating about the Senator's Presidential ambitions and touting his achievements in the Senate. Bayh, running harder than most of the others, appears frequently on the Sunday television interview shows, speaks at universities and union halls, gets a liberal reputation in the Senate by leading the fights against the Carswell and Haynsworth nominations to the Supreme Court, pushes for direct election of the President, calls for the reform of military justice and equal rights for women.

His fortunes got a boost when Eric Sevareid of CBS likened him to Horatio Alger "and the mythology of the all-American boy: farmer, lawyer, class president, star athlete, Army veteran, leading state legislator and, in 1962, the boyish David who felled the local Goliath, Senator Capehart. Handsome, strong, married to a natural-born political wife with a record as a formidable campaigner. The image is almost too good to be true." Bayh has been humbly telling inquirers that, while he is flattered to be mentioned for the Presidency, he is trying to concentrate on being a better Senator. But an aide says, "He won't be climbing into the storm cellars when the thunder sounds." Bayh still has a long way to go before he convinces the voters in the all-American cities. He was heavily booed when he appeared in his home state at the Indianapolis 500 auto race last spring and got the loudest jeers of any player this summer at the annual Democratic-Republican Congressional baseball game in Washington.

Ramsey Clark has also been hitting the lecture circuit, speaking out against the Nixon Administration's actions on desegregation and the war. A liberal from Texas who is beginning to lose his twang, Clark is a partner in Arthur Goldberg's law firm, chairman of a Goldberg-for-Governor committee, co-chairman of a bipartisan Citizenship Committee for the Amendment to End the War, was a member of a commission investigating the police and Black Panthers, and is a professor of law at Howard University in Washington. Clark views himself as a "long shot." The fact that he is a liberal on crime measures could cripple him in a race against Nixon, who in the 1968 campaign criticized Clark's performance as Attorney General. "He has no political base and would be clobbered on crime," says one Democratic official.

Sargent Shriver had planned to run for governor this year in Maryland against the incumbent Democrat, but was rebuffed by local party leaders and by polls he had taken. But he has kept his name alive by accepting leadership of a committee designed to help Democrats get elected this fall to Congress—and to help Shriver save face. As chairman of Congressional Leadershp for the Future, he will campaign for Democratic candidates as well as recruit other public figures on their behalf. More than 100 Democratic Congressmen signed a petition urging Shriver to head the campaign organization, and he was supported by such party establishment figures as House Speaker John W. McCormack, House Majority Leader Carl Albert and Mansfield.

Senator Hughes, vice chairman of the McGovern Commission, chairman in 1968 of a Commission on the Democratic Selection of Presidential Nominees, former Governor of Iowa, a dove and an ex-alcoholic who looks like a truck driver, has been traveling widely and has been a popular guest on the late-night television shows. To solidify his base in Maryland for the Senate race this year, Senator Tydings is trying to neutralize the hostility of the gun lobby by getting enacted a tough anti-crime bill for the District of Columbia. The bill, however, is so tough (even John Stennis voted against it on constitutional grounds) that Tydings may have alienated any liberal support he once had. The name of Senator Mondale of Minnesota has begun popping up on the Washington cocktail and lunch circuits; his frequent criticism of the Nixon Administration's positions on campus unrest and desegregation and his subcommittee's hearings on the plight of farm workers having won him wide attention.

Among other more remote possibilities are 33-year-old


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Jay Rockefeller, the multimillionaire Secretary of State in West Virginia who has the ambition to run for the governorship there in 1972, possibly as a step toward the Presidency; Kingman Brewster, Jr., 50, who as president of Yale has shown rapport with students and handled campus crises well; Adlai E. Stevenson III, 40, the state treasurer of Illinois and son of the party's Presidential nominee in 1952 and 1956, who is a favorite to unseat Republican Sen. Ralph T. Smith in November; former U.S. Rep. John J. Gilligan, who gained national prominence in 1968 when he upset Sen. Frank Lausche in the Democratic primary in Ohio and who is expected to win the Ohio governorship this year; Jess Unruh, the best-known state legislator in the country, who might be a credible candidate if he upsets California Gov. Ronald Reagan this fall (a long shot); Sen. Fred Harris, who has a long way to come after resigning as chairman of the Democratic National Committee earlier this year, but who makes no secret of being ambitious; Rep. Morris K. Udall of Arizona, challenger to Speaker McCormack in 1969 and candidate for House Majority Leader in 1971, if he can win the leadership post; consumer-minded Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin; Sen. Frank Church of Idaho, who has shown his talents in the Senate and in foreign affairs by his leadership role on the Church-Cooper amendment to limit the Indochina war.

Besides Lindsay and Gardner, other Republicans being eyed by Democrats as good catches if they wish to switch are liberal Sens. Charles Goodell of New York, Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, all of whom could be potential Presidential or Vice Presidential candidates in the Democratic Party—something they probably will never be as Republicans.

The most likely dark horse of all, however, is probably Senator Kennedy. If the party finds itself in 1972 looking for a candidate who will keep the reform forces from cutting away to form a new party and who will also be acceptable to the old guard, Kennedy is the logical choice. One Cabinet member under President Johnson said privately in a recent interview that even now there is strong support in party circles for Kennedy. "The pressure to involve him will come," he predicted. "The tougher things get, the greater the need will be for him."

But talk of 1972 may be just a game at this point. "It's like talking about the baseball season in December," said a staff member of one Presidential aspirant. He failed to add that in December spring training is not far off. □

YANKS IN TURKEY

# A PROBLEM OF VISIBILITY

**ROBERT M. FRESCO**
*Mr. Fresco has just returned to this country after three years with the Foreign Service in Turkey.*

In the Middle East recently, America has been beset by the troubles of Job. Egypt is now a Russian camp; Soviet naval strength in the eastern Mediterranean nearly equals that of our own Sixth Fleet; relations with the Arab states are almost nonexistent; we have gained the contempt of our closest European friends by backing the sleazy Greek junta willy-nilly. The next explosion may occur in Turkey.

This September the last of more than 500 Peace Corps volunteers will leave Ankara, virtually forced out of the country by the anti-American climate. Most of those volunteers had taught English at universities in Ankara and Istanbul. Last winter, students in one department after another boycotted the classes, saying they would not return until all the volunteers, whom they called CIA spies, and other foreign teachers were removed from the classrooms. Volunteers were threatened with violence. In Istanbul, a classroom was invaded by leftist students and a British teacher badly beaten. Although the conservative government of Prime Minister Demirel insisted the volunteers were still welcome, it was considered politically unwise to take their side publicly against student leaders. The volunteers themselves voted not to teach in faculties where they were not wanted. In May, Peace Corps Director Jack Corry announced the decision to close out operations completely.

After World War I, Mustafa Kemal fashioned the modern state of Turkey from the battered wreck of the Ottoman Empire. He emancipated women, adopted the Western alphabet and dress, tried to suppress the Islamic clergy and embarked on a program of literacy and industrialization to pull Turkey into 20th-century Europe. But when he died in 1938 at the age of 57, Kemal left his work half done. The greatest strains in Turkish society derive from incomplete Westernization. Whether on the Center or the Left, urban, educated Turks call themselves Kemalists. Outside of Russia and China, this is the world's most atheistic elite. Many no longer think of themselves as Moslems. Miniskirts and Marxism abound at Istanbul and Ankara universities. The granddaughters of veiled harem favorites practice law and medicine. Arabic words are purged from the vocabulary and replaced by those derived from French. Although Maoism gains favor among the young, the dominant spirit today is Gaullist—Turkey should be friendly to the West, but without formal military ties.

This group of university intellectuals and professionals, upper civil servants and army officers, comprises less than 5 per cent of the population. Another 15 per cent is in the middle class: government clerks and businessmen. But in the villages and small towns, where 80 per cent of the population still lives, life has altered little from centuries past. Women wear the traditional baggy trousers and cover their faces from strangers. Few girls go to school, and the majority of village women remain illiterate. The Imams, the priests, hated by the city elite, still



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wield tremendous power over education and morals. Villagers are devout Moslems: more than 50,000 made the pilgrimage to Mecca last year. Under pressure from the rural clergy the Demirel government has bent the spirit, if not broken the letter, of the Kemalist-inspired constitution by constructing dozens of religious schools throughout the country in the last five years. The fact that the United States openly supports this government has done little to endear the resident Americans to the secular, urban elite.

But the primary cause for anti-American feeling is our continued military presence in Turkey. On the basis of Turkey's neutrality in World War II and the not so secret pro-German feeling of some of its leaders, Stalin in 1946 demanded that the Turks hand over several eastern provinces and control of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles to the Soviets. The threat was hardly new. In the past 300 years Russia and Turkey have fought thirteen wars over Russian claims to the Straits. Stalin's challenge came when Greece, next door, seemed destined to fall to Communist guerrillas in a murderous civil war. The American answer was to wrap these two ancient enemies, Greece and Turkey, into an untidy package called the Truman Doctrine. The battleship *Missouri* steamed triumphantly into the Bosporus and sailors were invited into Turkish homes. His bluff called, Stalin soon dropped his threat. We were the beloved saviors. When war broke out in Korea, the Turks were among the first to send troops. As a reward Turkey, as well as Greece, was admitted to NATO in 1952, and for the first time U.S. troops were stationed on Turkish soil. Turkey was the eastern flank of the alliance, and the half-million-man Turkish army became the shield against Russian penetration of the Middle East.

Today, there are 18,000 U.S. servicemen and their families in Turkey, mostly with the Air Force. They perform two military functions. The air base at Incirlik in southern Turkey is used by the Strategic Air Command. A string of radar and other communications facilities near the Black Sea monitors Russian activity to the north. But many at the American Embassy admit that the airfield and radar stations have only marginal importance in the era of missiles and spy satellites. They also state privately that the 3,000 desk pilots in Ankara, who are the prime irritants, do little more than shuffle papers and manage the PX.

The U.S. Air Force in Turkey is not the Mongol horde. Molesting of Turkish women is unknown; drunken brawls are rare. But whenever pampered foreign soldiers are placed in an underdeveloped country, resentment and jealousy will soon fester.

In Ankara, the airmen do not live on bases but in the city itself. An American sergeant can afford an apartment next door to a senior Turkish university professor, and can buy cheap whiskey and cigarettes, which the professor cannot. There is a thickheaded opinion among our men that the Turks are gooks; an Air Force nurse in Ankara recently remarked of a co-worker. "There's only one thing wrong with him: he's a Turk." Noncommissioned men sometimes go further. Last fall, under the influence of alcohol and loneliness, three airmen burned a Turkish flag. This was like spitting on the Stars and Stripes at a hard-hats' convention. Anti-American headlines filled the press for weeks. Ambassador Handley had to make a public apology, and the three men were sentenced to eighteen months in jail.

The attitudes of their parents filter down to the children. Sons and daughters of American Embassy employees are teased because they bring Turkish food for lunch at the Air Force school. The military children can hardly be blamed—the official Air Force manual discourages personnel from eating almost all food available in Turkish stores. Turkish children, taunted in the streets, have struck back. Sons of airmen are not infrequently beaten up by gangs of boys in the streets of Ankara. Last summer lye was thrown in the face of an American child.

The resentment is also political. When the Cyprus crisis first broke out in 1964, most Turks felt, quite unrealistically, that, since they had supported us in Korea, we should support them against Greece. Our interest, understandably, was to keep our two NATO allies from tearing each other to pieces. Not so understandable was President Johnson's rude letter to Ismet Inönü, a man revered as a national hero, and at the time Prime Minister. In blunt language, the President said that if Turkey's proposed invasion of Cyprus should bring Russia into the conflict, we would give the Turks no assistance. The letter was leaked to an Istanbul newspaper and since then few educated Turks have trusted us.

Our bases are seen by Turkey's highly nationalistic youth as cancers over which the Turkish body politic has no control. A young engineer doing his military service in Ankara recently asserted: "Not even the President of Turkey can set foot on Incirlik without the Pentagon's permission." A slight exaggeration, but most young Turks would agree with him. And that young man, educated at American-chartered Robert College in Istanbul, would be considered a toady of Uncle Sam by his Maoist contemporaries.

Turkey has remained neutral in the Six Day War and the three years of combat that have followed. Radical students and conservative villagers, for very different reasons, support the Arabs, at least verbally. Moderate Kemalists, fiercely anti-Arab and anti-Moslem, retain a quiet admiration for Israeli military efficiency. But many Turks fear that, if the hostility explodes again into full-scale war, our bases will be used to aid Israel and drag Turkey unwillingly into the conflict.

A prominent leftist political science professor, educated at Syracuse University and Harvard, was astounded several months ago when an embassy staff member told him our bases could cause Turkey no harm. "Do you know how many Turks would be killed by a Russian nuclear attack on Incirlik?" he said. "Ten million! Ten million of my countrymen dead for what purpose? We have no quarrel with the Russians."

The Sixth Fleet, once cheered, is now despised. The semi-annual arrival of a huge American carrier, dwarfing Istanbul's historic harbor like a horizontal Empire State Building, is a signal for the start of violence. Two students have been killed in the past year in battles with police. Last summer, American sailors were chased through the streets by students and thrown


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into the Bosporus. Privately, naval officials will admit the visits serve no real strategic purpose. The Sixth Fleet is supplied at sea and need not put into port for provisions. The stops at Turkish ports are simply to "show the flag."

Suspicion and resentment of the American military have long since been transferred to our civilian officials in Turkey. Turkish employees of the U.S. Embassy have asked American diplomats, "Are you sure that some Peace Corps volunteers are not with the CIA?" Members of the Marxist Turkish Labor Party, including perhaps a quarter of young university professors, have made a pact among themselves not to speak to Americans. Introduced to a Turkish-speaking foreigner, a Marxist professor will ask him if he is American. A reply of "yes" will be followed by a view of the Turk's receding back.

Ambassador Handley and his staff want to get our troops out quickly, but they have not been effective in doing so. Gently worded notes to Washington about "making our presence less visible" have been followed by a 25 per cent reduction of military personnel over the past four years. But no one has been willing to risk his career by telling the Pentagon what he really believes: that our bases in Turkey are not worth the trouble they are causing us. These days, most Foreign Service officers fear that generals outrank ambassadors.

If the bases must remain, our embassy tries to console itself by saying that the troops are in Turkey with the consent of the Demirel government, which, after all, came to power by the free vote of a majority of the Turkish electorate. This is a true statement, but lacks insight into Turkish politics.

Kemal's was a military revolution and since his death all Turkish governments have ruled with the sufferance of the army. Unlike the military in many countries, the Turkish army is on the left. Therefore, Demirel cannot move too strongly against the leftist anti-Americans. When former Prime Minister Menderes began in the late fifties to close leftist newspapers and jail their editors, the army seized power and Menderes was hanged.

The Prime Minister also faces problems on the right. Last fall, more than forty right-wing deputies resigned from the ruling Justice Party, on the ground that Demirel was slighting religious issues. This left the government with a mere five-vote majority in Parliament. If the Prime Minister moves to placate this faction, the secular-minded army would probably oust him. Finally, Demirel fears that if he forces the American bases to close, we would cut off our substantial military aid program, which would also enrage the general staff.

Faced by increasing opposition from all sides, Demirel may not last long. If he is replaced, either by the army or by the oppositional Republican People's Party, we shall encounter a government of independent-minded nationalists, unwilling to tolerate foreign troops on Turkish soil. □

PESTICIDE IRRESPONSIBILITY

# THE REAL VILLAINS

**ROBERT SHERRILL**

Beating the drum of "corporate irresponsibility" in the environmental crusade is okay if it is done with calculation, for propaganda purposes. Dow, Georgia Pacific, Olin Chemical, Wyandotte Chemical, Shell—such names are highly useful for arousing the citizenry to furious counterattacks. But only the most naive would seriously suggest that these outfits could ever be thought capable of voluntarily assuming "social responsibilities." Corporations clean up their messes and operate honestly when forced to do so. That's the American way of life.

The real villains in the environmental scandal are the government agencies which have failed to use available laws to keep the corporate poisoners and polluters in line. More penalties and taxes should be levied against industries that foul the air and water, to be sure, but a much more useful reform would be to establish a quick and effective court procedure whereby harsh penalties for negligence could be invoked against the hierarchy of entire government agencies.

Under such an arrangement, outraged citizens might wish to consider first the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Pesticides Regulations Division (PRD), a sub-arm of the Agriculture Research Service. PRD is required by law to protect the country from pesticides that could do more harm than good. Before an "economic poison"—as the pesticides are candidly called—can be marketed, it must win the approval of the PRD.

If, as is sometimes the case, the agency finds it has registered a faulty or dangerous product, it can try to correct the situation by "canceling" a registration—a feeble procedure which allows the manufacturer to continue marketing the pesticide while a series of hearings and appeals are held (the process can take as long as two years), after which the pesticide may still be sold with only minor changes in its labeling.

Or the PRD can "suspend" the registration, on the ground that continued sale would constitute an "imminent hazard" to the public. By this method distribution of the pesticide can be stopped immediately. The PRD can recall or seize pesticides that are mislabeled, unregistered, or adulterated. And it can ask the Justice Department to prosecute for criminal violations.

Those are the ground rules by which the agency operates. See, therefore, how it has used those powers since 1947, the year the PRD went into operation.

In the past twenty-three years the PRD has registered about 60,000 pesticides, of which about 40,000 are still on the books. Each year it registers about 5,000 new



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economic poisons. But in all that time, and although hundreds of these poisons proved to be mislabeled or dangerous either to wildlife or plants or human beings, only twice has the PRD used its suspension powers to remove an imminent hazard from the market immediately. A third suspension—ordering Aeroseal Company's vaporizing pest-strip off the market—was not motivated by danger, but simply to protect Shell Chemical Co. from competition (Aeroseal's product contained exactly the same ingredients as Shell's No-Pest Strip, which is still being sold). Shell and PRD have been suspiciously friendly.

One of the two authentic uses of its suspension power was against the herbicide 2,4,5-T, after this poison received pages of thoroughly documented bad publicity in *The New Yorker* and other magazines, and after the National Cancer Institute found that 2,4,5-T produced cancer in laboratory mice. However, the suspension was only against household use of the poison; its primary use has always been as an agricultural weed killer, and it is still permitted for that. You'll be eating it, willy-nilly. The other use of suspension was against products containing mercury, an effort which the PRD bungled critically. More on this in a moment.

For the first thirteen years of its existence, the PRD did not ask the Justice Department to prosecute any violators. Then "about ten years ago, I think we brought charges against somebody, but I can't remember the name," Dr. Harry W. Hays told *The Nation*. Hays is former director of the PRD and now chief adviser on pesticides to the director of the Agriculture Research Service. Although hundreds of companies violated provisions of the pesticides registration law, some of them flooding the market with hazardous products, only one other prosecution was instituted—in 1967, against Hysan Co., which was tried and convicted for selling a popular disinfectant that Dr. Hays says was neither registered nor effective. The company was fined $10,500 and the president, vice president and general manager was each fined $400, after pleading guilty.

When faulty or dangerously labeled pesticides are discovered and seized in one area, the PRD does not go to the manufacturer's files to see where else the pesticide is being sold so that it can be seized everywhere. For example: Rodent poisons containing thallium were killing children so abundantly that in 1960 the PRD ordered manufacturers to lessen the amount of thallium in their formulas, to see if that would make the massacre of children a little less noticeable. It didn't do the job; in 1962 and 1963, the Public Health Service reported 400 cases of thallium poisoning among children, and predicted that probably ten times that many instances went unreported. So on August 1, 1965, the registration for thallium products was canceled. However, because the PRD made no effort to withdraw these products from the market, or, by using company records, send its investigators out to find and seize the product, rat poisons containing thallium were still on the market three years later—and may still be on the market today. The PRD doesn't know.

Although the law establishing the PRD has allowed the agency to recall dangerous products since 1947, the PRD ignored this useful power entirely until 1967, and did not set up a formal procedure for the recall of faulty products until May 5, 1969—two days before the House Intergovernmental Operations Subcommittee was to begin hearings into the misconduct and non-conduct of the PRD.

The PRD has an arrangement by which it forwards to the Department of Health and to the Interior Department all registration applications, to see if the other agencies might have any objections. If other agencies do complain, the PRD usually ignores them. In 1969 alone, the PRD registered 185 pesticides over the protests of the Department of Health (that is, either over the objections of the Food and Drug Administration or of the Public Health Service). Three examples of the PRD's defense of industrial poisoning despite health objections:

In 1963 PRD registered lindane, a continuous vaporizer, although the Food and Drug Administration and the Public Health Service both said it was dangerous. For that matter, even the Consumer and Marketing Service of the USDA banned the use of lindane around food-processing plants. For sixteen years these protests were ignored; then, last year, when the Government Accounting Office issued its report blasting the misconduct of the PRD, the agency discovered after only five days of testing that, sure enough, lindane was dangerous.

Another example is the Shell No-Pest Strip, which the Public Health Service had been denouncing since 1963 as dangerous to have around food or around infants or old people. Six years passed without action. Then in 1969 a Congressional investigation disclosed that PRD had been influenced by three of its employees who were also on the payroll of Shell Chemical Co. Embarrassed, PRD took the first step requiring new warnings on No-Pest Strip's label, but the final order on this was not sent out until this summer.

At least since 1962, when Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* caught the attention of people who were wondering where all the wild birds had gone, conservationists and many medical scientists have been urging sharp restrictions on the use of DDT, the residue from which has covered the earth from pole to pole and has even been found in the breast milk of human mothers. But because two-thirds of the DDT is used to protect cotton crops, and since a great majority of the members of Congressional farm committees are from cotton states, the USDA has been slow to curtail the marketing of this economic poison.

The PRD employs thirty-one inspectors and five supervisors in its enforcement program; they go out collecting samples of produce on which pesticides have been used. The samples are sent to one of the PRD's five analytic laboratories, to see if the poison contains the compounds, and in the strengths, the manufacturer claims. The pesticides are also tested at one of the six PRD biological laboratories for efficacy; for example, if the manufacturer says the poison will kill weeds, then it is tested as a weed killer.

That is all that initially interests the PRD: whether or not the pesticide contains and will do what the manufacturer claims. Testimony given before Congress indi-



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cates that *the PRD does not test for safety to human beings until after somebody is killed by the pesticide or until there are enough serious injuries or enough adverse publicity to force them to make the test.*

In the USDA, hogs are treated better than human beings. The Veterinary Biological Division of the Agriculture Research Service pretests all commercial vaccines to be used on livestock, but the PRD registers economic poisons without any pretesting as to the human safety factor. It takes the word of the manufacturer. Dr. Hays feels very defensive about this. He says: "The attitude of the press and the attitude of some members of Congress is that there is something very wrong in the data you get from an industry or a commercial laboratory. Most people think the petition for registration is just a piece of paper. Let me tell you something: these petitions run now in linear feet. They may be five volumes, a stack about 2 feet high. And the data is not usually put together by the industry itself but by a commercial toxicological laboratory with which the industry contracts to do the study. They spend as much as $200,000 to $5 million to get the data. Now, why anybody should look down their nose at industry's data, I don't know. Anybody who knows the subject knows that it hasn't been padded or fixed in any way. I think we've got a pretty respectable group of economic poisons."

But no indictment of the PRD is quite so damning as its sluggish reception of evidence, coming in from around the world, that fungicides and pesticides containing mercury are highly dangerous.

Last December, three children in the family of Ernest Lee Huckleby, a school janitor in Alamogordo, N. M., became critically ill; one is still in a coma, a second is apparently permanently blind and crippled, and the other has the muscular responses of a severe spastic. Eventually the cause of their troubles was traced to the eating of a hog that had been fed the sweepings from a granary. The sweepings were apparently of seed that had been treated with a mercury compound commonly used to protect seed from fungus. Martin Waldron of *The New York Times* reports that Panogen, a commercial fungicide manufactured by Nor-Am Agricultural Products, Inc., of Chicago, was seen at the granary. Nor-Am, with DuPont, provides the needs of more than half the nation's fungicide market.

The PRD did not respond immediately to this disaster. The agency knew about the poisonings for "two or three weeks," by Dr. Hays's recollections, before he sent a telegram, on February 18, 1970, to Nor-Am invoking the imminent hazard powers and ordering the company to stop selling the fungicide immediately and recall it from the market. This action was taken the day after a National Broadcasting Company news program featured the Huckleby tragedy. In March, the PRD issued an industry-wide order for an end to the marketing of mercury-laden products.

Department of Agriculture officials must have known that the multimillion-dollar mercury pesticide industry would not take this without a fight. Mercury has been used since 1929 to prevent rusts and slime and mold, and to eradicate soil-borne fungi which choke off germination. It is commonly used to treat seeds of wheat, barley, peas, rice, other grain seed, and even cotton before planting.

So Nor-Am took the USDA to court, seeking an order overturning the suspension, and won. A three-man appellate court ruled that PRD had not established evidence of an imminent hazard and that its actions were "arbitrary and capricious."

Why did it turn out that way? Because the USDA officials fumbled the whole incident. Indeed, they were so inept that one is permitted to wonder if they really wanted to win.

The opinion of the majority of the appellate court noted that "Dr. Hays, on cross-examination, stated that so far as he was aware at the time the telegram was sent, he knew of no permanent injury resulting from the use of Panogen per se. With regard to Alamogordo, Dr. Hays testified that he 'visited the area and discussed the entire investigation going on during the latter part of December and early January.' Hays admitted that as of February 18, the date of suspension, he assumed that the case involved accidental misuse rather than intentional misuse. He was sure tests were available to identify Panogen but admitted that no such test had been conducted."

In cross-examining Dr. Hays, the attorneys for Nor-Am had asked if he knew of any other accidents to human beings involving mercury pesticides on this continent. He said no. Recently he told me, "The lawyer asked me about human accidents on this continent, so I had to say no. He hadn't asked me about accidents in other countries."

It seems an incredible excuse for not voluntarily disclosing the accident data that he had available for other countries, particularly Sweden. The rest of Dr. Hays's excuse goes like this: "We went to Chicago for the hearings with the firm belief—it was the feeling of the USDA counsel and of the Justice Department—that the court had no right to intervene, because the decisions of the Secretary of Agriculture are not subject to judicial review until the manufacturer has first been processed through an administrative review. We were pretty confident that that judge would agree with us. So we didn't go prepared to debate the facts of the case. So there I was, just me against about five from Nor-Am. They put on their testimony, did a beautiful job, then I testified and then got tied up in cross-examination."

Just why such an experienced toxicologist as Dr. Hays, a former official of the National Academy of Science, should feel so helplessly ignorant in presenting a case against mercury is hard to understand. For years he has been following with keen interest, he says, the widening circle of new mysteries and new knowledge relating to mercury poisonings. Long before the seed case came to Dr. Hays, he was aware of the trickiness of using mercury in slimicides, algaecides, fungicides and pesticides. An algaecide used in swimming pools was registered "under protest" in 1963. He said, "This is a nasty one. We got an awful lot of protest from the Public Health Service. I went to the Surgeon General and said, 'I don't like it either. I don't like using mercury in swimming pools, but we've got to have data before we can cancel the registration.' " Finally, about a year ago, Dr. Hays did cancel the registration but, because it is grinding through


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the appeals process, the mercury-laden product is still being used in swimming pools.

As with all other toxicologists, Dr. Hays was also fascinated by the famous outbreak of 111 mercury poisonings among people who had eaten fish caught in the bay at Minamata, Japan, between 1958 and 1963. This episode and others were summarized in a book published in 1964: *Toxicity of Mercury and Its Compounds,* by P. Lesley Bidstrup. Forty-three died; there were nineteen brain-damaged births among women who had eaten the fish. Dr. Hays remembers reading all the scientific papers at the time and participating in the excitement of the unraveling mystery: "You just couldn't account for these effects from inorganic mercury. You would expect a lot of kidney damage from inorganic mercury and you weren't getting this, and it seemed so damned odd. Suddenly somebody got the idea that this was being converted to organic mercury; in the mud in the bay, the anaerobic bacteria were converting the inorganic mercury to an alkylmercury, and this kind of mercury compound we really hadn't known much about. We found that methylmercury has a high affinity for the brain, for the nervous tissue, whereas the inorganic, no. This was discovered in 1964-66. It was this conversion that was the important thing." The mud-level organisms are eaten by little fish, the little fish are eaten by bigger ones, and eventually the biggest game fish—well-laden with mercury, for the concentration increases with every step—are eaten by man, who sometimes gets sick and sometimes dies. In Niigata, Japan, 120 persons were poisoned from the consumption of mercurified fish; five died.

Sweden, moving swiftly to avert accidents when it discovered that its industry, especially its paper and pulp mills, had in numerous places discharged so much mercury that the coastal waters would be polluted for another ten to 100 years, in 1966 ruled that fish could not be eaten if they contained more than one part per million, although this appears to have been a political decision, overriding the advice of many Swedish scientists that the maximum be no more than .5 parts per million. The Swedish fish also have been contaminated by the synthesizing of methylmercury in microorganisms, which passed the poison along via the chain of eat and be eaten.

Even more to the point as it relates to USDA's responsibilities, however, was the voluminous data coming out of Sweden in recent years—and widely circulated among toxicologists—on the contamination effects of mercury-treated seeds. From tainted seeds grow tainted crops. The story of this chain of poison effect was clear: seeds—grain—hen—eggs—man, or seeds—grain—livestock—man. For the most part, the Swedish seeds were treated with Panogen, the product that poisoned the seeds the hogs ate in Alamogordo.

One of the papers circulated among scientists at the USDA was "Methylmercury: A review of health hazards and side effects associated with the emission of mercury compounds into natural systems," by Goran Lofroth of the radiobiology division of the Department of Biochemistry, University of Stockholm. It was published on March 20, 1969, roughly one year before Dr. Hays went before the court unprepared.

According to Lofroth's paper, the government of Sweden was convinced as early as 1965 that "the use of methylmercury in agriculture was responsible for the poisoning and drastic decrease of wild bird populations." Also, Swedish scientists proved that eggs laid in that country contained an average of .029 parts per million mercury, whereas eggs from continental Europe (where farmers had to survive without the blessings of Panogen) contained only .007 parts per million mercury.

This and other evidence caused the Swedish National Poisons and Pesticides Board to revoke the licenses of alkylmercury compounds in agriculture as of February 1, 1966, and thereafter the mercury content of eggs dropped off until, a year later, they contained only .01 ppm—two-thirds less.

In Sweden, where hogs and cattle had eaten fodder grown from seeds treated with mercury, there were these contrasts with meat in Denmark, where mercury was not used: Swedish pork chops, 0.30 ppm, Danish .003; Swedish beef, 0.12 ppm, Danish .003; Swedish pig's liver, .060 ppm, Danish .009.

After the ban went into effect in Sweden, there was this falling off of mercury tainting: Pork chops, down to .008 ppm in 1968; beef, down to .003 in 1968; pig's liver, down to .021 ppm.



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Lofroth concluded at the end of his extensive, heavily footnoted paper, "There can be no doubt that the intentional pollution with methylmercury, e.g., in agriculture, imposes hazards on living systems including man. Methylmercury dressed seeds are eaten by wild animals causing methylmercury intoxication of these animals and their predators and resulting in severe population declines. Effects on man cannot be excluded when game is consumed. Accidental poisoning in man by consumption of methylmercury dressed seeds has occurred."

In Denmark, where seeds treated in this way had been briefly used, they were immediately banned when a decline in the pheasant population was noted. Pheasants have also been a barometer in this country—and surely did not escape the notice of USDA scientists. The California Department of Fish and Game found up to 6.6 parts per million mercury in the vital organs of pheasants taken *in the spring of 1969*, a year before the Chicago hearings. That concentration can best be judged if one bears in mind that the Food and Drug Administration's uppermost tolerance is .5 parts per million for human consumption. The sampling of game birds for mercury content actually began at least as early as the spring of 1968, but the bureaucracy has done it quietly and has not broadcast its findings. In states such as South Dakota, where mercury-treated wheat seed and pheasants both abound, the contamination must be pretty impressive.

Having flubbed its appearance before the three-man court of appeals, the USDA now reportedly is attempting to obtain a rehearing of its case against mercury before the full nine-man court of appeals for the Chicago area. There is other evidence they can submit of mercury poisonings in this country, such as the seven head of cattle in Oregon that got sick in February, the bull dying of it; and in June, 100 hogs in Laveen, Ariz., got sick from eating mercury-treated safflower seeds. United States officials have finally got around to testing for mercury in eggs and have found that the content is "approaching" the high levels once found in Swedish eggs.

Meanwhile, on August 7 the USDA canceled the registration of mercury products, which begins the long appeals process but does not remove them from the market.

The really infuriating part of it is not that industry has done all this to us but that the bureaucrats who had the power to stop it were such willing suckers. Industries that have been dumping mercury into our lakes and streams claimed they hadn't the facilities and couldn't afford the facilities to stop the outflow of poison. But faced with the threat of a shutdown by the state of New York, one plant within a matter of hours managed to cut its outflow of mercury from a daily 21 pounds down to 1 pound. Federal Water Quality Administration officials say that "many companies" have, with heavy fines in the offing, "quickly cut mercury pollution from pounds down even to ounces."

USDA pesticide officials have said for years that farmers must continue to use all the economic poisons they want, or otherwise the pests will take over. Sweden didn't find it so. Lofroth reports: "In February 1964, the Plant Protection Institute of Sweden recommended a reduction of the seed dressing formula by 50 per cent . . . and also recommended that only infected seed should be treated. These recommendations were made compulsory in October 1965. In 1965 and earlier, about 80 per cent of the spring sowing was treated, whereas in 1967 only 12 per cent was treated. *This drastic reduction has had no deleterious effects on the crop yield.*" Similarly, the August 10, 1970, *Wall Street Journal* tells of an experiment among cotton growers in Arizona, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and other states, who used to spray their entire fields with anti-bollworm pesticides, but now do so only on a highly selective basis, and only after they have found traces of the pest. They are saving between 25 and 75 per cent on pesticide expenses, and have gained a far better control of the bollworm. All evidence would indicate that the USDA has not been looking after the interests of the farmers in this matter (and certainly not after the interests of the general public), but has been openly shilling for the agri-chemical industry. □

## LETTERS (*Continued from page 194*)

*A Trinity that even you*
*Rate higher than you rate yourselves;*
*It pays, it flatters and it's new.*

And ending:

*"Are you to pay for what you have*
*With all you are?"—No other word*
*We caught, but with a laughing crowd*
*Moved on. None heeded, and few heard.*

Robinson critics have made mention of the poem's being rejected by editors of magazines—presumably *Scribner's* which, as you know, featured Robinson, and its finally appearing in *The Boston Transcript*, but without giving the date. I spent about two hours looking through old copies of *The Boston Transcript* and I finally located it in the issue of December 21, 1914. I offer it for your correspondence column in the hopes that it may both revive an interest in Robinson in general and this poem in particular, and save a busy scholar some time, which becomes increasingly scarce and valuable. *G. W. Sherman*

### West's crowd

*Brewster, N. Y.*

Dear Sirs: In a generally well handled review of Jay Martin's biography of Nathanael West [*The Nation*, Aug. 17], Richard Giannone offers a conception of West's place in the Hollywood society of the thirties with which I disagree. I lived in Hollywood in those years, met both West and Eileen McKenney, and had friends who knew them well. Like many intellectuals in that place and time, they had some association with the Hollywood Communists. About the precise nature of that relation I know nothing. However, the idea that West's Hollywood was a milieu "where $1,000 a week didn't speak to $500 a week who didn't speak to $200 a week" is erroneous. It was generally true of Hollywood society, but it was not true among the Communists and fellow travelers among whom West largely moved. A shared political philosophy mitigated the social stratification of the movie industry to a significant degree. In justice to West, and to a group that has been sufficiently belabored, that exception should be noted. *Carl Dreher*


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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## May in Paris: The Marxist Riddle

PRELUDE TO REVOLUTION: France in May 1968. *By Daniel Singer. Hill & Wang. 434 pp. $8.50.*

**CARL OGLESBY**
*Mr. Oglesby is the author with Richard Shaull of* Containment and Change *(Macmillan) and is the editor of* New Left Reader *(Grove Press).*

Daniel Singer's study of France's May 1968 rebellion, *Prelude to Revolution,* argues that the rising could have gone all the way, that a revolutionary Socialist France might have been born, and that this did not happen chiefly because the students could not provide leadership for the larger struggle, and the French Communist Party actively refused to do so—choosing instead to attack the students for their "adventurism" and to lure the workers back toward a purely monetary definition of their conflict with the state and a purely parliamentary conception of their struggle.

This is of course the familiar New Left interpretation. The culpability of the FCP has been established by now, certainly among new leftists, virtually to the status of self-evident truth. Those who see Cohn-Bendit and the March 22 movement as the heroes of a social tragedy engineered by the old-line leftists will find in Singer's remarkable study a dozen new justifications for their view.

But I think it is precisely on the point of the FCP's role that the Singer, New Left thesis must be challenged. For us who feel a natural sympathy with the young radicals, it is too easy to say the revolt was bungled instead of defeated, and that the bunglers-in-chief were the FCP's Waldeck Rochet and George Séguy of the Confédération Général de Travail. This is too comforting.

There is no question that the FCP's conduct was, as Singer puts it, "extraordinary." Its hostility toward the student militants could not have been more destructive. Try to imagine what "communism" can mean to an FCP that goes well beyond warning the workers against the young "ultra leftists," that in fact calls upon the Gaullist state itself to arrest the troublemakers and ban their organizations, then stands silent, satisfied, when de Gaulle obligingly carries out the instructions. He could not have done so without the consent of the FCP. The least sign from Rochet and Séguy of solidarity with the students would have made it impossible for de Gaulle to isolate them.

But what the FCP sought for the students was of course precisely that isolation. The party did not, does not, probably will not, perhaps cannot want what the students and many workers wanted, a social revolution—not because it is made up of political cowards or bewildered hacks who did not understand the situation as Singer seems to be saying ("bewilderment rather than betrayal provided the key to Communist action") but rather because it could no more de-Stalinize itself than could the Communist Party of the USSR. A disciple of Deutscher like Singer might have better grasped that dismal truth. For what we are looking at in the performance of the FCP is merely the other side, the Western side, of Stalinism. We are looking at an aspect of the cold war; at limits, defeats, necessities, the forcible narrowing of possibilities—in brief, at the structure of political power in Europe at the close of World War II.

One cannot say that the FCP is Stalinist by virtue of some filthy choice made by Rochet and his predecessors. That this choice was made, maybe already in the 1930s, is a fact, perhaps filthy. That it was the choice, among all choices, by means of which an open, legal Communist party could prosper in the France of the postwar period is an entirely other kind of fact. If there was to be an aboveground FCP, then there would have to be that particular *kind* of FCP, one having not just *any* level of militancy, *any* degree of commitment to Marxism-Leninism. No Communist party could have established itself in the France of the cold-war period without the protection of Stalin, and the protection of Stalin came at the price of accepting Stalin's implicit arrangement with the West, an arrangement which among other things outlawed the practice of revolutionary politics in France.

We can put it another way. If the FCP's conduct could have been a bit less "extraordinary" in May and June of 1968, then it might also have been less "extraordinary" in 1946, when it applauded the recolonization of Indochina, or when it looked through its fingers at the liquidation of the Greek partisans. And in that case, it would long since have lost that legal privilege under the cover of which it had been able to function—and among other things, to take control of France's strongest trade union, the CGT.

It is quite a neat Marxian contradiction: The FCP might have led France to a revolution because it was strong; but it was strong—*in a particular way*—because it had agreed to make no revolutionary commotions. And behind this riddle stands another, the basic forty-year-old riddle of Stalinist foreign policy: Saving the revolution above all requires saving the USSR, and saving the USSR requires above all that the West not be threatened by revolution.

Bound in by these two interlocked contradictions, the FCP's movement was restricted by the internal structure of its ideas, its promises, its bureaucracy. The FCP made May possible, in part, because somehow its presence in France was a constant reminder, however hollow, that revolutions did from time to time take place: Marx and Lenin were *available,* capitalism was subjected to a constant criticism from radical assumptions, educational and organizational work did go on, *L'Humanité* hit the streets every day and was read widely by ordinary people. But having helped make May possible, it also made it impossible for the May general strike to become the June conquest of state power, and these two sides of its conduct have one and the same source and explanation: its Stalinist structure restricted it to parliamentary politics.

I take so much time with this point because it appears that new leftists are being much too casual about the failure of the May movement. The emerging view seems to be that May established the possibility of revolution in the advanced industrial states, and that it did not continue to establish the revolution itself because of the treachery (Alain Geismar) or senility (Danny Cohn-Bendit) or bewilderment (Singer) of the FCP. This makes it too easy to say: The French Left must solve the problem of the FCP's uselessness, then the next time May comes around (it is easy, of course, to prove that it will), the revolution can be pushed all the way through.

But May will not be May without the FCP. You cannot get rid of the FCP's bad side without at the same time get-



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ting rid of its good side. And frankly, it is not at all easy for me to see how you are going to get rid of either. This means, I think, that the French New Left confronts the enormously difficult internal task of challenging the radical workers' most powerful political loyalty without thereby still more deeply dividing the student from the worker, the campus from the factory, the internationalism of the young bourgeois from the parochialism, even the Left chauvinism, of the old proletariat.

Thus Singer may certainly say that "the main message of the May crisis is unmistakable: A revolutionary situation can occur in an advanced capitalist country." But he must know as well as anyone that neither May nor his analysis of it makes this point at all so unmistakably. *Any* capitalist county? Did May need de Gaulle? A deep uncertainty about France's destiny? The CGT? The FCP? All these as well as a choking university system and the March 22 movement? Maybe.

In any case, there are deeper issues. For example, we know quite well that during the postwar period in the Western countries, the function of the sometime subversive trade-union movement has increasingly become to rationalize the system of manpower for capitalist production—and that this has been the fate of Communist-led or -influenced trade unions as well as others, the CGT and the AFL-CIO being alike in this respect. We can justifiably surmise that the general tendency of the working-class organizations to subside politically, but at the same time to take their place at what they imagine is the top of the policy elite, reflects much less an augmenting of social power than an irreversible loss of power, and that this decline is itself a symptom of gradual but profound changes in the social and technical composition of labor. Singer goes into this in a well-reasoned consideration of the "new working class" theories (more or less French inventions dating from the mid- or late 1950s). He is sympathetic to the drift of these theories. But finally he takes the position that the industrial working class remains central.

I admit that this is a useful corrective to certain tendencies within the New Left to act (*a*) as if the revolution were at this time the exclusive affair of Third World neo-colonies, and (*b*) as if Western society had already been leveled into one huge producing class and one tiny ruling class.*

* The Weathermen, for example, somewhat contradictorily, have held both views at once. It is how they talk themselves into terrorism.

But there is a danger in Singer's position, too. It allows him to think, for example, that the industrial work force can somehow plow straight on to the tasks of self-management, or rather of workers' management of the factory system, without the most radical changes in the horizons of industrial culture, and without the workers in question ever having experienced even the self-management of their own trade unions.

What it seems to me Singer ought to be saying, then, is something like this: In a society whose industrialization remains incomplete or on its own terms self-deformed—in other words, in France—industrial rationalization remains a revolutionary project which can scarcely be pursued in the absence of a self-conscious proletariat *organized as such*. Moreover, factory workers are still a big part of the "masses," and no idea of socialism is worthy of the name that does not commit itself to the self-liberating activity of all people.

Very well; but besides the radical critique of capitalism, the New Left is now in the process of introducing to world politics the transcendental critique of industrial society itself. To the critique that goes to the root, add now the critique that goes beyond the root, that penetrates the given horizon in an effort to make actual our period's rising intuition of a whole other way of being social. The tidal motion that embodies this collective social intuition is complex in origin and diffuse in thrust; there are strong cross and countercurrents within it, even a lethal undertow. But at least we can say that a revolutionary politics for the advanced countries will not even have found the right ball park if it does not honestly try to stipulate and qualify the elements of the post-industrial agenda. That means, most crucially, that such a politics must identify the social classes in whose consciousness this agenda lives with the virtual force of a compulsion.

For the moment, I think, this requires us to say that the question of towering magnitude within the West, prior even to the question of revolutionary strategy (because it situates the discussion of strategy), is this: Will the middle classes grasp their current historical transformation and their social ascendancy in time to take responsibility for their world and to forge the political instruments by means of which they can exercise that responsibility?

I know this will sound bizarre: The Left does not commonly regard the "middle classes" as the repository of man's best hope. I confess, too, and even insist, that the term is sloppy; but until we have established at least a much sharper outline of new and emerging social relations of production and a correspondingly updated class typology, "middle class" will have to do. Suffice it for this crowded moment to say that "middle class" (*among other things*, of course!) is what reads Norman Mailer, hangs Mao's poster on the bedroom wall, wants to overcome its own racism, comes naturally to an internationalist consciousness, finds it hard even to understand rabid anti-communism, has already taken nearly absolute charge of popular Western culture, is made melancholy and even sick by acquisitive living, and has generated from its loins both the New Left and the beat-hip-freak movements, the two most connected and important social phenomena of the West's postwar period. In brief, a class which in respect to the general culture has already served notice of its hegemonic intentions.

Singer knows of these forces and makes an altogether helpful attempt at relating their contemporary emergence to the changing nature of production. But he does not go as far as I think he should beyond the political psychology of the London Museum's blue books: Too familiarly, that is, everything falls into place within a rather common array of statistical categories, and the old imagery remains casually dominant, as where he can write, for example, of "the march to socialism." One pulls up short: "March," is it? Are we still marching? Do we have no better image yet of the struggle and its objectives? No, we have at least made progress here. We understand by now that we cannot get where we want to be—at least in the West—if we try to *march* there. There is no way that we can *march* toward our particular horizon of possibility. Our task in part is therefore to find other ways of being and moving together.

That brings up what I guess is the worst part of Singer's book, his discussion of strategy and organization. For all his sympathy with March 22 and Rosa Luxemburg and for all his admonitions about "new phases" of the struggle, it is surprising how little of Luxemburg or Gramsci or even Cohn-Bendit one can find in his veiled suggestions about new *modes* of struggle. Indeed, Leninism seems quite intact in the following advice:

> Left to develop "spontaneously" within a capitalist framework, the working class will either be organized into a reformist movement, or if the breaking point is reached, it will burst out in a rebellion that for lack of perspective is doomed to defeat. The role of the Socialist movement [*sic*] is to provide it with an objective, a sense of direction, a strategy.



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## ANDREI CODRESCU

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That may all still be true. But if true, then it is a melancholy truth, and there is no point in still trying to hide behind vague phrases like "the Socialist movement." Anyone can see that this phrase means our old friend "the vanguard party"—in other words, the usual committee of déclassé bourgeois intellectuals. Singer's ideals are of course more democratic than Lenin's practice —but they are less democratic than Lenin's ideals. One wonders at the extent of the loss, and what it portends for our future.

But I mustn't leave it at this. My objections notwithstanding, Singer's book is I think a very important contribution to the debate, not only about the French May but the overall situation of the Left within the world of advanced international monopoly capitalism. I think he does not have good ideas about how to break out of that world. But who does? And within what I take to be his argument's considerable shortcomings, he has given us an impressive analytic narrative of a major contemporary event. □

# A Prison of Possibility

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH: Memoirs by Albert Speer. *Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. The Macmillan Company. 596 pp. $12.50.*

**LINCOLN KIRSTEIN**
*Mr. Kirstein was attached to Arts & Monuments, Third U.S. Army, January-July, 1945.*

Perhaps the lone capable reviewers of such confession would have been Simone Weil or Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Eminent Judeo-Christian and Protestant candidates for sainthood under Adolf Hitler's dispensation, they laid their lives on the line, as did Albert Speer. They could have judged him; a casual reader is helpless. It might be that Speer, the sinner, judges himself more harshly than the two veritable martyrs would have done. This testament from a man who was considered, not without reason, more important to the Third Reich's survival than Hitler, is pretext for public sermons and private prayers. Twenty years in Spandau guaranteed no absolution; suffering is rarely instructive. But men gifted with kindling consciences, like Speer, extract self-knowledge from isolation. His penitential reads like redemption. Before prison he was never alone; his self or soul he held of no account, compared to his passion for building and worship of his omnipotent patron. His apology, with scrupulous apparatus, wide reference to specialist history, transparently translated into handsome English, may, in its somber logic, be the prose masterpiece from World War II.

Speer, an upper-middle-class youth, a hereditarily professional architect, came from rich Mannheim. He liked Jews well enough and was apolitical; hence, damnation. Early snapshots of Speer and his wife, mother of six, reveal archetypes of the art- music- and idea-loving young people whom we were happy to meet on South German vacations in the decade after 1922. His family was little touched by 1918 defeat or 1929 depression. He was no chauvinist. Taste was academic, not retardative; he admired Mies van der Rohe and Emil Nolde. He loved his family, mountains, lonely rivers and sober order in work and society. His start was decent if unexceptional. Everything in his young face suggests a reticent intellectual with magnetism—sensitive, alert and one who, while not unique, represented everything engaging in Europeans of his class or schooling. What happened?

Through accelerating lightning flashes of coincidence, luck, seized opportunities, echoing Wagner's Parsifal and Goethe's Faust, he designed the first great party rallies at Nuremberg and became, at 28, Hitler's pet and familiar, builder of the pre-eminent monuments of Nazi culture, vast stadium and huge new Chancellery. When war came, half a dozen years later, which mindlessly he helped prepare, he became master of production, second man in Germany, more lethal as an enemy than Goebbels or Himmler, more efficient than Goering, Rommel or Doenitz. By his own severe reckoning, he prolonged war two years past any possibility of successful outcome for his friends. His seduction, the corruption in his ambition, the recognition of his onus may be common to those quasi-liberals of whom the earlier Nazis were always wary. But his peak of power, his depth of fault, offer unique exemplars to consider the essence of selflessness: responsibility to art; one's patron; one's people. It is Speer's sorry triumph that, without self-pity, recrimination, extenuation, he makes us understand what he refused to know, what he did unknowing, and how he learned. There are few pages since Dostoevski to compare with the tale of his warning from an old friend, now a high official, never, but *never* to permit himself to inspect a concentration camp. In one horrible thunderclap, one feels what he feared to find. This split-atom truth precipitated what he claims as the trigger to subsequent fault. This is why he, alone of his fellows at the trials, refused appeal. It is why he chose not to commit suicide: to live, tell, warn.

Both Pastor Bonhoeffer and Reichs Building Inspector Speer planned to kill Hitler. A missed luncheon was all that kept Speer from the fumbled bomb plot. A penciled question mark against his name on the list of the conspirators' take-over cabinet was all that saved him from being summarily shot. Himmler dogged him; he was suspected of being Hitler's Brutus. There are many scenes of Plutarchian *gravitas* which another Brecht (lacking Shakespeare) might render. It is the measure of Speer as artist—not in the nature of his gift but of his ultimate morality—that one doubts if the facile genre of "documentary" drama as alleged by Peter Weiss or Conor Cruise O'Brien might easily encompass his tragedy. To slander Churchill or traduce Hammarskjöld on "poetic" evidence is less dishonest than irrelevant. The one was given as too gross a conniver, the other as too pale a narcissist, to qualify as convincing anti-heroes. Only cinema, as with Eisenstein or Kurosawa, could manage the duet between this flashy young sinner and the amalgam of Richard Crookback, Iago, Tamburlaine and Mephistopheles. Brecht's *Arturo Ui* has breath if little breadth; it stays a comedic cartoon. Speer's Hitler is human as well as diabolical; potential in the humane is the tragic essence. No other witness has drawn Hitler as man rather than maniac.

For anyone who was in Germany from March through May 1945, here are long-delayed but complete answers to daily wondering. We knew how the epic must end, but what was happening day to day, in Berlin? Here we have, hour by hour, schedules of collapse; Speer's dispatch of museum treasure south, where we were shortly to spot them; charts to usurp Hitler's authority; frantic efforts by Speer and the general staff to save remnants of industry for the inevitable reconstruction. And art historians can learn how official style and taste—by no accident, debased post-Napoleonic—were imposed. In similar times, Speer's Parisian opposite numbers were building the Palais de Chaillot, where Napoleon's architects planned (but never built) a preposterous palace


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for the King of Rome. In Washington, Constitution Avenue was pushing its marmoreal mediocrity. Speer's Chancellery was similar in manner but superior in craft and materials. Built with miraculous rapidity from superlatively tooled bronze, steel, iron, the finest Swedish granites and Finnish marbles, it was achieved with a polish which almost redeemed its dull, correct and brutal heartlessness. Paris and Washington at worst wished sober façades, dignity if no distinction. Speer's command was to dazzle, intimidate. By a horrid deadness of metal, mosaic and cut stone, Hitler dismayed (through Speer) the world's diplomats. In Visconti's *Damned* one saw superbly reconceived domestic versions of Hitler's high taste: awesome, somber, heavy, hygienic, luxuriously out of scale, hateful. Speer, after opportunities enjoyed by few architects, meditates on what he made. His own Nazi style was *boring*. He built for monstrous bores. His work contained diminished echoes of Schinkel, Percier, Fontaine, Perret, but with a crushing aptitude that appeared marvelous. Dante details vice as repetition, a locked recurrence in diminishing spirals to the pit. Speer's notes on Nazi ritual in the intimacy of Berghof or bunker are clinical exegeses on continuous excruciating boredom. Generals, ministers, S.S., servants doze in alcoholic stupefaction, night after night, till two or three in the morning, when Hitler gets drowsy enough to stagger off to his sleepless cot.

How to explain Speer's sinning? We can't, but he does. Hitler was a failed architect. A poor painter, his architectural sketches are lively, even professional. He offers a mere boy jobs past the scope of Michelangelo, Bernini or Wren. He fills a hollow youth with the afflatus of hypnotic and despotic dynamism. He subtracts all responsibility save achievement. Speer lusted to build; with no social or political education (he never read *Mein Kampf*) he was trapped in a prison of possibility. He disdained his self; he forgot, or never knew, who *he* was. He became Hitler's. Seldom scared by luck, energy, competence, devotion swept him to pinnacles. When he was invited by his leader to lunch the first time, his jacket had been spoiled by spilled cement, and Hitler offered his own, with its unique gold badge of Reichsführer. One of the many courtiers who envied and hated him asked Speer why he thought he was where he was. Speer hardly knew. "Because you are Hitler's unrequited lover." Speer is too drained, well mannered, detached, to suggest his own magnetism. His passion for Hitler's presence, a true hypnotic compulsion to the last gasp, was passionately returned, but not without a strain which suggests lovers' quarrels rather than political differences. Hitler felt almost from first sight and with quite unaccustomed warmth, Speer's ready innocence or eager blankness—stupidity, if you will. This he might mold as his own talent, of which he'd been robbed by Jewish fate. What the demon indicated, Speer was enchanted to design. At the end, eight short years later, Speer, no longer architect but Hitler's armorer, planned to slay Caesar. Yet here we have him, at mortal risk, flying back to besieged Berlin, to be released from his personal oath. Not the least Shakespearean is the scene that follows—Hitler's vague, unappreciative, uninterested adieu. Eva Braun, faithful mouse and mistress, cheerily uncorks champagne as the Chancellery roof caves in and Blondi, the dog, waits to be shot.

Uncorrupted Swedish granite and Finnish marble were salvaged to construct the Soviet's boring war memorial. Speer's memoirs are his mineral monument, unstained by tears for a found self and acknowledged sin. To degrees Pastor Bonhoeffer might dare define, they transcend it. □

# Good Guys and Publishers

DECLINE AND FALL. *By Otto Friedrich. Harper & Row. 499 pp. $10.*

THE CURTIS-CULLIGAN STORY. *By Matthew J. Culligan. Crown Publishers. 224 pp. $5.95.*

THE CURTIS AFFAIR. *By Martin S. Ackerman. Nash Publishing. 202 pp. $5.95.*

**CHRIS WELLES**
*Mr. Welles, who was an editor of* The Saturday Evening Post *during its last six months, is the author of* The Elusive Bonanza: The Story of Shale Oil, *just published by Dutton.*

From the amount of literary effort that has been expended on the Curtis Publishing Company and the collapse of *The Saturday Evening Post*, one might suppose that the subject ranked in historical importance with the fall of the Roman Empire. In addition to the above books, two others have been published in recent years, for a total page count of 1,559. Four of the five were written by former Curtis employees and are, to a greater or lesser extent, apologias. Despite frequent invocations of cosmic economic and social significance, the importance of all these books lies first in their depiction of the depths of encrusted ineptitude into which a corporation can sink without actually going bankrupt, and second, and more important, the lessons they teach about the possibility for survival of mass magazines in the age of television.

Matthew J. ("Joe") Culligan, the marketing whiz with the famous eye patch, took over the presidency of Curtis in 1962, when the company was already suffering from advanced arteriosclerosis. His great talents as a salesman permitted him to achieve a brief rejuvenation, but his clear failings as an administrator caused him to become embroiled during 1964 in a brutal battle for control of Curtis with a group of editors led by *Post* editor in chief Clay Blair, Jr., who accused him of gross mismanagement and impropriety. Eventually the ancient, somewhat baffled board of directors dismissed both Blair and Culligan. Blair then wrote *The Board Room*, a rather breathless novel which reads like a comic strip about, as Blair put it later, "a so-

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POEM

*On the palm of my hand I can taste you.*
*We delight in bright wishes*
*our breathing two hands*
*fixed faces.*
*Quick birds tick across us.*
*The ceiling has eyes.*
*The sweet gossip of slow snow falls in the windows.*

Daniela Gioseffi

phisticated, muckraking editor's epic struggle to save a mythical ailing mass magazine from execution by a bunch of stupid, greedy, business-side slobs."

Culligan at first declined to give his side of the story, but later, as he explains it, he was so wracked physically and mentally by his years at Curtis that his doctor advised him that writing a book might be "ideal therapy" to exorcize the demons from the past. Culligan, though, is even less a writer than an administrator, and much of his book is spent denying Blair's charges and lashing out at "absentee owners, excessive bureaucracy, inept managers, flocculent directors, encysted editors, some venal lawyers, predatory corporate raiders, and destructive competitors."

The account by Martin S. Ackerman, Curtis president from April 1968 until shortly after the *Post* was folded in January 1969, has even less redeeming social value. Despite slight touches of ghosting and some intriguing financial details, the prose is turgid, badly organized and largely inexplicable to anyone not already familiar with the major events of his tenure. Ackerman admits that "As one gets older, one learns—and I certainly have learned." But he blames his failure to save the *Post*, despite repeated promises that he would never fold it, on, variously, the press (whose accolades, however, he freely accepts and quotes) and "the cobwebs of the past" in the corporation. A small-time manipulator of corporate assets, Ackerman was apparently lured into Curtis by what he felt were some good opportunities for financial sleight of hand. The conclusion one draws from his book is that he rushed in impatiently, with only a faint understanding of Curtis' vast problems. Like Culligan, Ackerman was in way over his head.

Otto Friedrich's *Decline and Fall* is the only one of the books to possess any lasting significance. Drawing upon a "secret journal" he kept while he was foreign editor and later managing editor of the *Post* between 1962 and 1969, he describes the decline of Curtis with fashionable novelistic New-Journalism techniques similar to those employed in Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and the Power*. The narrative is laced with irony and sardonic character portrayals. Scenes are graphic, with vivid dialogue. One is so drawn into the story, in fact, that one forgets that Friedrich was not simply a disinterested fly on the wall. He was, after all, the *Post*'s controlling editorial voice during the last several years of its life, and in a much more subtle way, *Decline and Fall* is also an apologia. Friedrich holds the editorial content of the *Post* virtually blameless for the magazine's wasting sickness. Devastating descriptions of corporate flounderings are followed by brief reminders that, meanwhile, the editors were continuing to publish a magazine which was "as good in substance as any magazine in the country."

While the Curtis management is an important scapegoat, Friedrich's main villain is the entire "profit system," which, he asserts, is "solidly [based] on the instincts of greed and corruption." The bankruptcy of the *Post*, he writes, "symbolize[s] the bankruptcy of the system." "The press," he asserts, should not be "subjected to all the destructive risks and uncertainties of the profit system." Since the *Post* was a "national institution" and made a sizable contribution to "civilized life," he concludes, it "deserved to live."

While the profit system obviously contains multifarious shortcomings, Friedrich's argument unfortunately makes him appear as the typical querulous loser who claims he's been cheated or the game was rigged, or the rules were unfair. Setting up the cobweb-filled Curtis Publishing Company as somehow representative of the profit system is obviously absurd; if this were so the profit system would have collapsed long ago. Does he really mean that to avoid corruption or destruction all of "the press"—which would presumably have to include not only magazines but newspapers, books and perhaps even radio, television and motion pictures—must be supported by subsidies? From where? The government? What about all the other industries which make contributions (though admittedly not without abuses) to "civilized life"? Many "national institutions," including some magazines, of course do exist outside the profit system through private contributions. But scores of fine magazines earn respectable profits without editorial compromise.

While the woes of the parent company were important contributors to the *Post*'s problems, it was the magazine's own economics that were chiefly to blame. Most successful magazines today are low-cost, low-circulation publications directed at a sharply defined audience and supported mainly by subscription revenues. The *Post* was among the last of the gradually expiring "mass magazines," whose high production costs, caused by large formats, huge staffs and the cheap subscription rates required to lure the masses of readers, depend on massive advertising revenue.

Madison Avenue (as distinguished from the profit system per se) possesses the power of life and death over mass magazines. They are sick today because most advertisers are inclined to use television for mass campaigns and specialized magazines for appeals to specific audiences, especially the well educated, the affluent and the young, who are presumed by advertisers to be the most active consumers.

Ackerman at least came to understand the obvious solutions to the *Post*'s troubles: reduce the magazine's circulation and page size, increase the subscription rate, eliminate its dependence on other Curtis divisions, and recapture a sense of purpose, an "image," in order to create a semblance of excitement and vitality.

While amorphous, the last is especially important for any publication dependent on Madison Avenue. The reason is more than the sheeplike desire of admen to be identified with a "hot book," as the phrase goes. They feel, with some justification, that an exciting, vital magazine will tend to attract similarly minded readers, i.e., the well educated, affluent and young. The prevailing view on Madison Avenue, again with some justification, was that the *Post* was too often diffuse, weary and uninspired; predictable writers writing on predictable subjects in a predictable way. That so many of the *Post*'s readers tended to be rural, unsophisticated, middle aged, middle class, middle income, it was felt, was a direct reflection of the magazine's editorial product.

Except for a brief fling of activity during the last months of 1968, Friedrich was disinclined to help bring about these potential solutions. Though a reluctant joiner of Clay Blair's plot against Culligan, he told one co-conspirator that such an act was "irrelevant to the job of editing a magazine," a curious view



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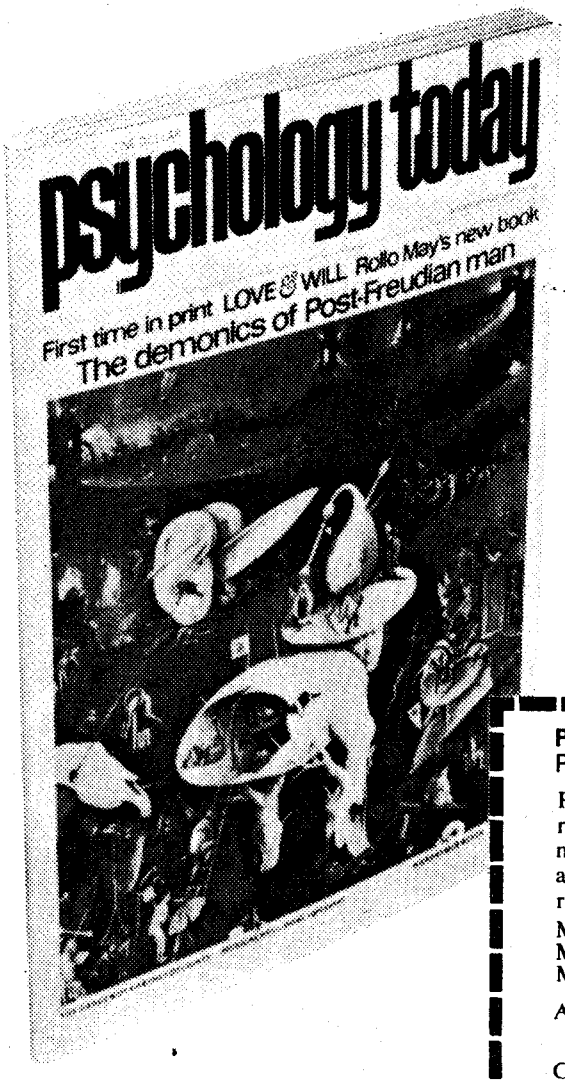


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considering his blame of the Curtis management. Despite the *Post*'s desperate need for advertising, he scoffed at anything to impress Madison Avenue, even such cosmetic editorial improvements as refurbishing the *Post*'s archaic graphics. "It usually doesn't matter very much, in a commercial sense, what editors publish," he says. (Paradoxically, he seemed less than stiff-necked on the point of editorial integrity. He admitted declining to run articles on the link between smoking and cancer for fear they might provoke anger from major advertisers.) He argues, in fact, "against the popular theory that magazines rise and fall because of editorial genius." They "survive not because they are good or bad but because they make a profit." Quality and profitability, in his opinion, are unrelated.

Despite such quite unconvincing attempts to obscure his own inadequacies, Friedrich attempts no Clay Blair-like glorification of his own deeds and character. He appears in the book as withdrawn, timorous, captious and fatalistic, stubbornly determined to plug along until the end, certain that no matter what he or anyone else did, only a miracle could save the magazine.

Friedrich apparently felt as far as the overall survival of Curtis or the *Post* was concerned that it was sufficient for him to play the classic role of the journalist: to observe without becoming involved, to carp without taking responsibility. He simply watched the magazine dying before his eyes, and rushed home each night to write down the details in the "secret journal." In other words, though we have lost a magazine, we have gained a book. Good as the book is, and deficient as the magazine often was, it hardly seems a fair trade. □

# 'The English Malady'

GEORGE III AND THE MAD BUSINESS. *By Ida Macalpine and Richard Hunter. Pantheon Books. 407 pp. $10.*

**MAX BYRD**
*Mr. Byrd teaches English at Yale. He is a former editor of* The Harvard Crimson.

"Is any Inmate tearing his Straw in piece-meal," asks Jonathan Swift, "Swearing and Blaspheming, biting his Grate, foaming at the Mouth, and Emptying his Pispot in the Spectator's Faces"? A madman, Swift says, is "a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly Mortal, raking in his own Dung, and dabbling in his Urine." Such was the 18th-century picture of Bedlam, London's Bethlehem Hospital for the insane (for a time Swift was a member of its board of governors). And some such dark image of madmen in their cells, rattling their chains in terrible anger, still lurks in the corners of the 20th-century mind, a received memory of the terrors of insanity and, in other eras, the still greater terrors of its treatment.

The authors of this meticulous, frequently absorbing study advance the claim that one result of the strange and pathetic fit of madness which seized England's George III in 1788 was an immediate change in public attitudes toward madness, leading rapidly to improved, more humane medical care. Once the first personage of the kingdom had been struck down, the hitherto obscure field of 18th-century psychiatry, "the mad business," was dragged under governmental scrutiny, and a shocked Parliament acted quickly to eliminate the scenes of Hogarthian squalor that passed for asylums. "A feeling of revulsion arose," they write, "at the idea of the monarch in a strait-waistcoat, and the realization grew that the same fate awaited any gentleman or woman, however high-born, suffering from the same affliction."

Some of the revulsion arose, no doubt, from the practices of Dr. Francis Willis, keeper of a provincial private madhouse, who was called to the king's sickroom when all other efforts failed. An adherent of the school of mechanical rather than moral management, Willis did not hesitate to treat his royal patient like any other, and when a fiery Edmund Burke demanded if he could have controlled the king without his restraining apparatus,

> "Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke," replied the Doctor, in an equally authoritative tone, "and I'll give you an answer. There, Sir! by the EYE! I should have looked at him *thus*, Sir —*thus!*
>
> Burke instantaneously averted his head, and, making no reply, evidently acknowledged this basiliskan authority.

But Willis will be remembered, the authors believe, for something more than his arresting eye. The first public figure to insist that insanity is curable, his spectacular confidence (and success) set off a spate of investigations into the pathology of madness and, so they declare, opened a new age in medicine.

Certainly the late 18th century is remarkable for its activity in "alienated" medicine—it is then that we find Phillipe Pinel unshackling the inmates at the Bicêtre, the bizarre experiments of Franz Mesmer in hypnotism, the new Quaker hospitals of Daniel Tuke—but to trace all this to the crisis of George III's illness seems extravagantly to overstate the case. Single events, even of this magnitude, rarely do more than crystallize trends already long developing. A somewhat relentless technicalism, in fact, appears to distract the authors from the cultural to the exclusively clinical meanings of madness. They overlook, for example, the startling fact that missing throughout the 18th century is the traditional Western association of madness and inspiration. Indeed, the first sixty years of the century, the Age of Reason so-called, mark the beginning of the modern period of the incarceration of the insane. In Augustan England the manifestly crazy are treated for the first time like criminals, not like potential prophets or god-struck poets (madhouses were often used by callous husbands to punish erring wives). The horrors of Bedlam that Swift describes—and the hostility toward madness that he betrays—are the creations of a society at pains to deny what has fascinated other cultures, the possibilities for insight or knowledge that madness proposes.

What was new in the case of George III, moreover, and what the authors do not emphasize, was the amount of fellow feeling that the king's plight drew forth. For by the early 1750s, in accents that sound disconcertingly contemporary, the English public was coming to believe that madness was spreading among them at unprecedented speed: waves of suicide and hysterics disrupted their lives, private madhouses multiplied, and on the Continent melancholy gained the sobriquet "the English malady." Every possible explanation was advanced: the climate, particularly the east wind, was blamed (prayers were said for King George to receive a westerly), the importation of China tea, even the roast beef of old England. The answer most often given was the plaintive one, most

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likely to catch our sympathy now, of the complexity of modern life. Urban stresses were too debilitating, fashionable writers moaned; men trapped in the smoke and dirt of great cities are cut off from the beneficial rhythms of nature and from their best selves. For the first time, as we more than they can appreciate, the image of Bedlam was applied to the city itself, another kind of dark and loathsome prison. Madness was simply the terrible price one paid for civilization.

In this mood the English public was prepared to commiserate with the king's insanity, if not to understand it. Of course the political upheaval, even so, was extraordinary, and the authors give a full picture of secret midnight confrontations and frantic intrigues between Pitt's government and the Prince of Wales's slightly inept opposition. A regency was arranged and voted by Parliament, and although the king recovered before it could be established, the problem remained (it still does) of how to determine when mutiny was legal. After three more breakdowns, a regency was at last declared in 1810. Political maneuverings took place against a backdrop of general panic, as the nation tried to interpret the daily bulletins of the squabbling doctors (matters were complicated by royal protocol: even the doctors could not address the mad king unless he first spoke to them). Stocks plunged with every report of the king's incoherence or violent behavior, and rumors continually surfaced concerning his wholesale accusations of treachery or his amorous ravings toward Lady Elizabeth Pembroke.

But the real meaning of the events of 1788, it might be argued, apart from its impenetrable political tangles, was the additional impetus it gave to regarding insanity merely as an *illness*, a matter for medical experts and hospitals. Dr. Willis and his methods soon gave way to more strictly scientific approaches and to generous humanitarian reforms, but the tendency was fixed of including mental as well as physical health within the province of medical doctors. The importance of that tendency is firmly underscored, in fact, by the researches of the writers themselves, who attribute the king's symptoms to the hereditary disease porphyria, a rare disorder of the nervous system, still incurable, which causes excruciating pain and often delirium. An extended diagnosis both of the king and of his Hanoverian ancestors constitutes one of the most original portions of their work.

Lately, radicals of all kinds, led by R. D. Laing, have suggested that this medical habit of mind may in the end be as reductive as the earlier instinct to lock madness away. We have not really come to terms with the profundity of madness, they say, only redirected our fears; to save ourselves or discover ourselves we must embrace it. But such criticisms take their beginning from a perception of madness as metaphor, as a romantic revolutionary image for our troubled civilization. To madness as it is, to genuine human desolation, they can have made no commitment. Among the virtues of this fine, scholarly book is to show madness as it is. □

# Black Rock

THE CRIME OF MARTIN SOSTRE. *By Vincent Copeland. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 210 pp. $5.95.*

**PAUL CHEVIGNY**
*Mr. Chevigny, on the staff counsel of the ACLU, is the author of* Police Power: Police Abuses in New York City *(Pantheon).*

This book covers an important piece of recent social history, and one that should be better known. Martin Sostre is a black revolutionary who ran a radical bookstore in the Buffalo ghetto, and was charged, shortly after a riot in the summer of 1967, with selling narcotics in his store. Though there is persuasive evidence that he was framed, he was convicted and condemned to thirty to forty-one years. He is now serving that enormous sentence, and has become the center of yet another celebrated case, concerning conditions in prison.

Sostre is an extraordinary figure: he has been the plaintiff in two major cases establishing the rights of prisoners, and frequently a defendant—most recently in the still obscure drug case that is the center of this book. Like many other Blacks, his drive for radical change has been distorted and channeled by his trips to prison.

Vincent Copeland, a white man who grew up in the Buffalo that Sostre knew, has brought an almost incongruously charming style to the story. He knows all the neighborhoods, all the prejudices and problems of Buffalo, and he shows how each of them contributed its bit to Sostre's conviction. Copeland knows the background of Sostre's judges (one of whom said Sostre should get his bail from the Vietcong), of Sostre's jurors (one of whom would "object" to living in an integrated neighborhood), of the local newspapers, and finally of the Buffalo police, whom he brands with the mark of corruption in a way that is barely short of libel. Copeland's cool irony delicately destroys them one by one.

All of these things are important in a book about a political case, but I think Sostre's life demands something more. I have myself been curious for years about the circumstances surrounding his conviction—the fact that Sostre had no counsel, the apparent lack of credibility of the state's witnesses, and the witnesses to Sostre's innocence who were never called.

Copeland is frank to say, in Chapter 18, "The Witness Who Wasn't Heard," that "this is not a detective story." His intention is to describe the political and social world of the case, not to prove by a web of circumstances that Sostre could not have committed the crime. (He does show quite convincingly that a revolutionary bookseller like Sostre had no motive to commit it.) But it seems to me that the "detective story" is needed as well, particularly in a case as confusing, and as little known to most of us, as Sostre's. We have to know why his witnesses could not be found, why the witness who was found was not put on the stand, and finally, why Sostre had no lawyer. It is said that a "prominent law firm" dropped the case, but promi-

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nent law firms do that all the time; it does not explain why Sostre had no counsel at all.

Nearly as sorely needed is a sharp discussion of Sostre's big prison cases. The older one, from another prison term, was a landmark in establishing the religious rights of Black Muslims (with whom Sostre eventually broke). The one arising out of his present term, an attack upon prison brutality and the imposition of *one year* in solitary confinement as a punishment has resulted in a precedent-setting award of damages. (Unfortunately, the case was decided after the book went to press, although the trial account is included in the book.)

The line of intellectual development in Sostre between the two cases is itself an odyssey of American black prisoners. Sostre is the original "hard rock" among political prisoners, and it is men like him who make it possible for others to survive. The horrible facts of those cases are here, and we must be thankful for that, but the enormous importance of Sostre's long determination to resist is not clear enough.

Still, if this book arouses the public about Martin Sostre, it will have done its work a thousandfold. □


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# FILMS

## ROBERT HATCH

The content of Claude Sautet's *The Things of Life* seemed to me at least promising—the hell that a perfectly splendid middle-aged man (Michael Piccoli) can create for himself and others by failing to recognize that some events in life are not repeatable. Having fallen in love in his youth with an enduringly attractive woman (Lea Massari) and having had with her a son and a vivid life, he decides to try the whole happy adventure once again with an equally attractive second love (Romy Schneider). Of course, nostalgia is the canker in this September affair; as the new girl says, their affair is without a history, a situation as disadvantageous as a marriage without children.

None of this is spectacularly inventive and the script, based on a novel that I would suppose was written principally for the bonbon trade, demonstrates degrees of understanding and high-minded forbearance that experience would not lead me to expect. However, the performers are exceedingly capable and succeed in making themselves more credible than are the acts their director instructs them to perform. Piccoli, who carries the main burden of plausibility, is a compelling man; he has no great difficulty making his role worth attention, even though hampered by Sautet's addiction to cigarette play, a device to fill time and display character that was exhausted by Bogart and his contemporaries.

What puts me off the film is its format. The French, for reasons obvious to anyone who has driven their national highways, are obsessed by motor fatalities, and *The Things of Life* is framed in such an event. The picture opens upon it, refers to it ominously from time to time to remind us that we are participating in an extended flashback through the dying man's memory of his small emotional comedy, and returns toward the end to linger upon it with virtuoso camera exercises in slow motion and meticulous documentation of popular French behavior on gruesome occasions. (The French public is even more avidly morbid than the American—or the French police are more resigned to the expression of unhealthy curiosity.)

And Sautet, I am forced to conclude, is more interested in the dynamics of high-speed impact (this extensive footage has aspects of a safety film for high school drivers) than he is in the collision of human relationships. At any rate, he devoted more time and care to the mechanical disaster than to the confusion of passions.

Aside from this disproportion of attention, the dream encased within the moment of oblivion is a device that inevitably converts a narrative into a tour de force. With Ambrose Bierce, at least you don't know the trick at Owl Creek until it has been worked on you, but here inside information is a distinct disadvantage. The problems of Picolli's aging waltzer would be tolerably absorbing if one were not aware from the start that he would be cut down with his dilemma hot upon him. As it was, I fidgeted. If it hadn't been wrecked at the crossroads, *The Things of Life* might have done well enough with its reflections on the sad consequences of assuming that the law regarding the eating of cake has been suspended. □

TEETH

*Every dream has teeth.*
*Every kiss is lined with teeth.*
*Day by day I look into the mouths of people*
*And consider what has gone down into them.*
*Abysses!*

*The judge eats his wife for breakfast*
*And his three sons*
*And the blind woman with scales*
*And the day of judgment*
*And every hour*
*And whatever was and is and is likely to be,*

*I am now sitting in my dentist's chair,*
*Waiting to have my own teeth pulled.*

Stephen Stepanchev



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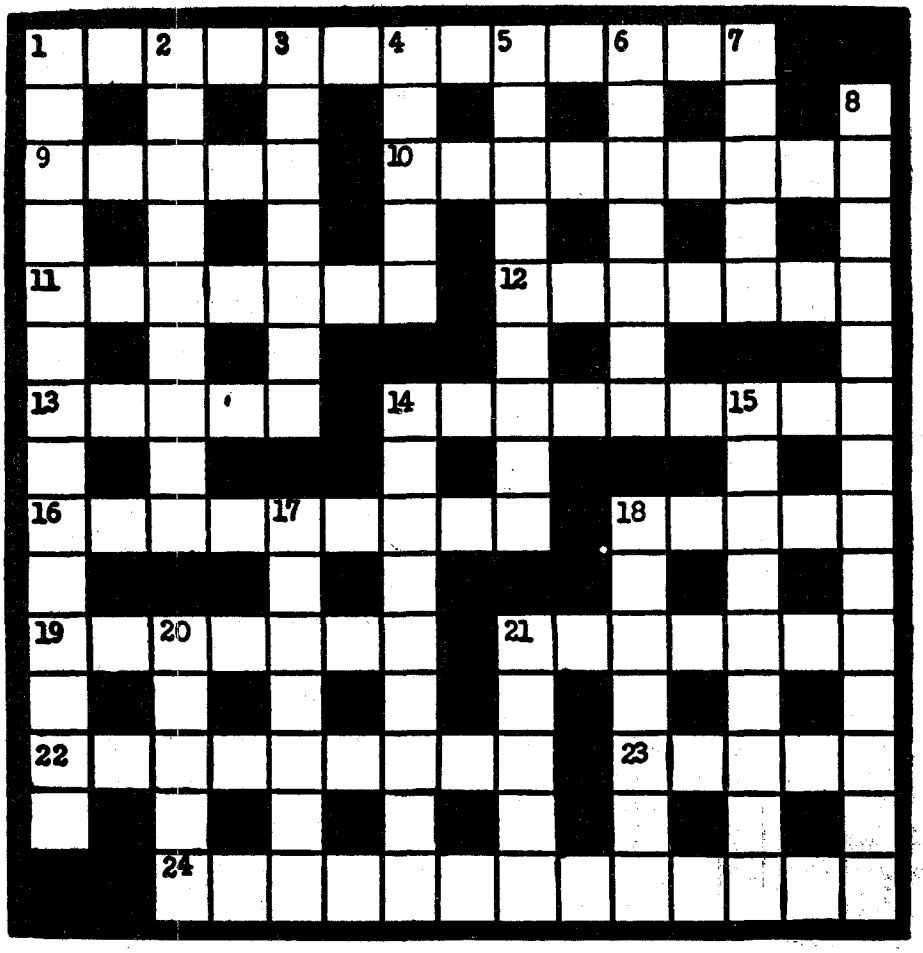
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1359

**FRANK W. LEWIS**



### ACROSS

1 Would the Roundheads have been uniquely classified by this? (8,5)
9 Perhaps first base is occupied by Massenet. (5)
10 One way to get to recite, tax free. (9)
11 See 8 down
12 What might be used in cleaning woven silk inside, for the slightly effeminate. (7)
13 Possibly ready for sound messages sent this way. (5)
14 Extraction by this method isn't legal. (9)
16 Arose somewhat disturbed to find the S.S. in more than once—being responsible for your 24. (9)
18 Record mark? (5)
19 Proving most woe comes as a pair. (7)
21 Fit somewhat loosely in the money supply, but you could use it for dinner. (7)
22 One doesn't get fundamental if he does it, as the storm passes away. (9)
23 Florida city of local acceptance. (5)
24 It may go up with the addition on your house. (3,10)

### DOWN

1 and 18 down British, but it doesn't necessarily lump all their money together. (12,2,7)
2 Cuter, in a way, when humorous words are used about it, but what makes them may be the point. (9)
3 Taken over. (7)
4 Aside from one's thoughts? (5)
5 Suggests one's associates. (9)
6 Occasionally the sergeant, but more likely one who should be boring. (7)
7 These could be rather penetrating. (1-4)
8 and 11 across Where the movie actors are colossally intelligent in the evening performance? (4,2,3,5,2,5)
14 Arousing desire can make one sure go wrong! (9)
15 Is it hard to understand the involved trace in it? (9)
17 Walker might appreciate what's in it for a hobo, sex being such a problem. (7)
18 See 1 down
20 Above twenty, counting letters is no secret! (5)
21 Some social group might be thrown by the sound of it. (5)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1358

ACROSS: 1 Match boxes; 6 Mind; 10 Ketchup; 11 Studies; 12 Consorts; 13 Chill; 15 Ibsen; 17 Unusually; 19 Bookshelf; 21 Elgin; 23 Ratel; 24 Pericles; 27 Ermines; 28 Origami; 30 Centigrade. DOWN: 1, 18 and 29 Make up for lost time; 2 Tattoos; 3 Hahas; 4 Opportune; 5 Eases; 7 Initial; 8 Displaying; 9 Juncture; 14 Disbarment; 16 Nestling; 20 Optimum; 22 Grenada; 24 Paste; 25 Cling; 26 Hilde.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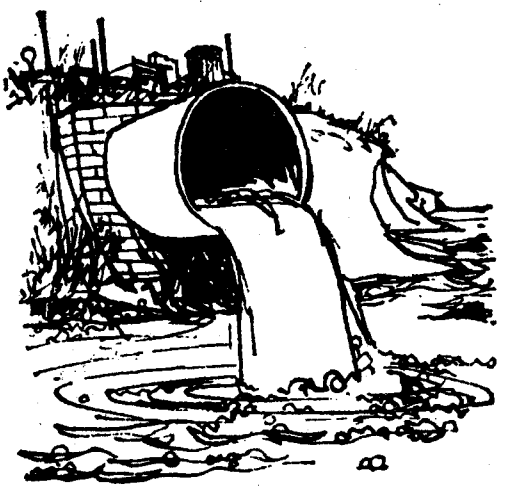

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